# The Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XX NO. 6 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1939 TEN CENTS A COPY


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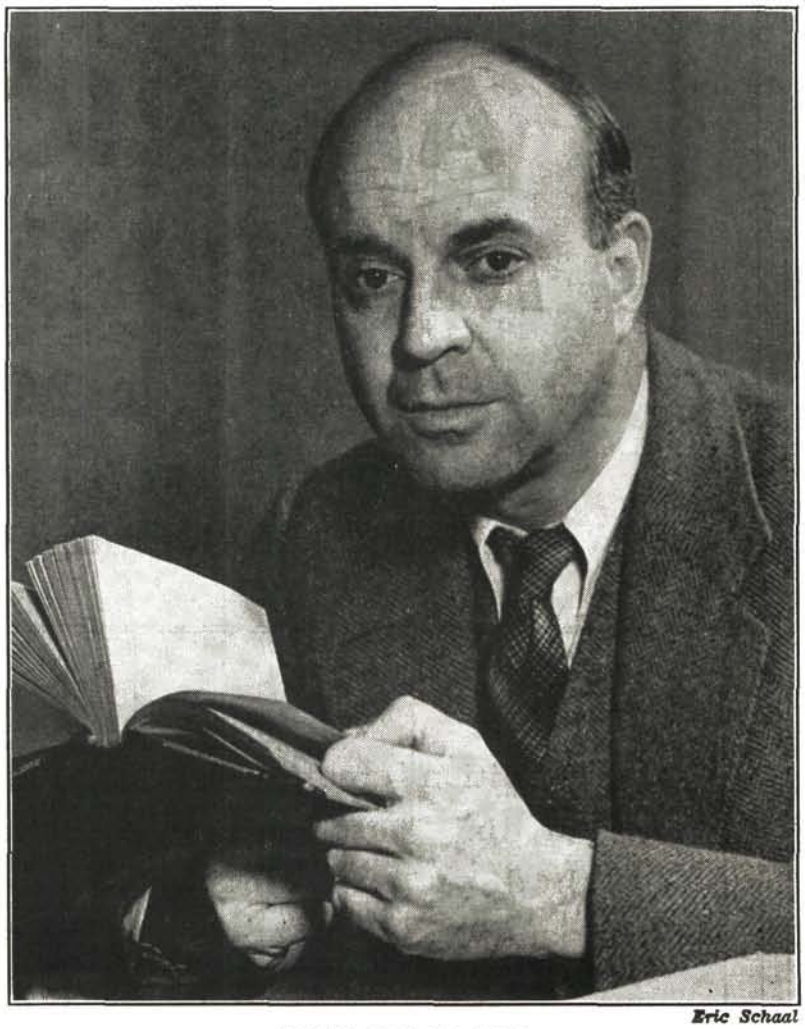

*Eric Schaal*

JOHN DOS PASSOS

"Writers of the world, unite. You have nothing to lose but your brains..."

*(See page 3)*

## RED-TOP BOOTS *By Clyde Brion Davis*

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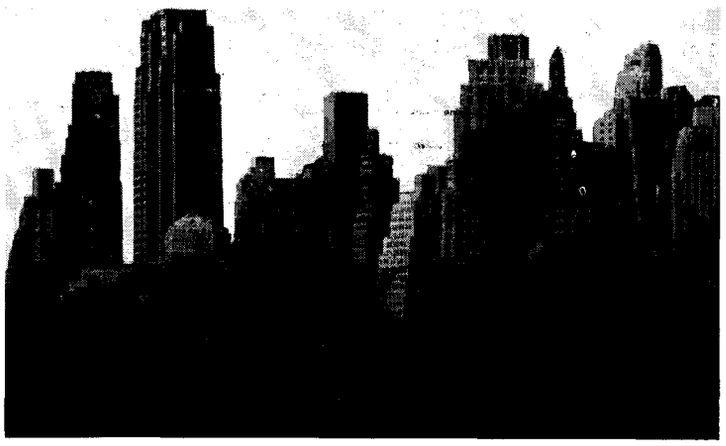
# John Dos Passos

BY

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN



From the jacket design of "Adventures of a Young Man."

WHEN John Dos Passos was leaving Moscow in 1928 a group of young Soviet actors from the Sanitary Propaganda Theatre (they were factory workers by daytime) came to him to see him off. "They want to say goodbye," the theater director told Dos Passos; "they like you very much, but they want to ask you one question. They want you to show your face. They want to know where you stand politically. Are you with us?"

One who knows Dos Passos can imagine him standing there in the cold northern twilight, the piston-rods of the engine already pumping slowly beside him. . . . Scrupulously polite, given to deprecatory gestures, he starts up like a flushed partridge, his baldish head bobbing, his near-sighted eyes soft with pleased surprise. He wants to be kind, to make a gesture of solidarity, yet there is something in him goading him on, as always, to the absolute truth. "But let me see," he fumbles; "but maybe I can explain. . . . But in so short a time . . . there's no time." No time to tell about the Bill of Rights and Thomas Jefferson and Liberty, Equality, Fraternity and Voltaire and Fighting Bob La Follette; no time to go back over the nineteenth century fight between Marx and Bakunin over the corrupting nature of power and the inherent viciousness of the State. No time to quote his friend, e. e. cummings, the Amerikanski poet:

> but I mightn't think (and you mightn't, too)
> that a five-year plan's worth a gay-payoo.

No time, no time . . . the train is moving, and he has to jump for it. Back to the old habits of thirty years, back to the West and its "carpets and easychairs and the hot and cold bathwater running and the cheerful accustomed world of shopwindows and women's hats and their ankles neat as trottinghorses' above the light hightapping heels. . . ." And away (though he does not say it) from the fear that he has seen in the eyes of those non-conforming Russians who expect a visit from the police in the dead of night. . . .

A decade has gone by since Dos Passos left Moscow and the country around it that reminded him so nostalgically of the rolling sections of Wisconsin and the birch-growths of cut-over lands in New England. Many things have kept Dos Passos busy in that decade: work for the oppressed Kentucky miners, and travels in France, Spain, Mexico, and all parts of the United States, reporting demonstrations, repressions, revolutions, and conventions. And, most important of all, there has been the writing of his trilogy, "U.S.A." All of this moving about and "writing objective" ("U.S.A." is a book that rigorously excludes any overt special pleading by the author) has served to keep Dos Passos from documenting his "but maybe I can explain. . . ." His instinctive, all-pervasive sympathy for the underdog has caused the communists to hail him, at various times, as Number One Literary Fellow-Traveler, the granddaddy of the modern proletarian novel. But even when Granville Hicks was praising him most fulsomely as the Proletarian Moses (praise that was later half-retracted), John Dos Passos was nursing his doubts of monolithic political systems and the One-Party State. All along Dos Passos has insisted that he is not a Marxist-Leninist-Stalinist; all along he has argued that writers should not bow to the exigencies of politics. ("Writers of the world, unite. You have nothing to lose but your brains," he once said sarcastically.) To those who call him Red, he answers: "You're wrong. I'm merely an old-fashioned believer in Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." And now, in his "Adventures of a Young Man,"* he has finally gotten around to the explanation he had no time to make back in that Moscow autumn of 1928.

By comparison with "The 42nd Parallel," "Nineteen Nineteen," and "The Big Money," the three novels that go to make up the trilogy of "U.S.A.," "Adventures of a Young Man" is admittedly slight. But it is most important to the student of Dos Passos, for it clearly shows the trend of his mind. The protagonist of "Adventures of a Young Man," Glenn Spotswood, is the idealistic son of a professor who lost his job at Columbia University during the World War for conscientious objection. Glenn has that "ethical yearning" which Waldo Frank has described as typically American; he needs a Cause, and the only valid Cause of his particular period in time is that of the workers. The early 1930s were a time when objections to the harsher phases of the capitalist order were so obvious that they tended to obscure other considerations; hence Glenn, without much thinking of where political monolithism inevitably leads, became a member of the Communist Party, using the name of Comrade Sandy Crockett. Glenn is not a mere auctorial substitute for Dos Passos; he differs in numerous ways from his creator, for he is an active organizer and agitator, willing to have his head smashed by company police. But his intellectual autobiography converges with that of Dos Passos, for he finally comes to abhor the undemocratic features of what he once so glibly accepted as Marxist "ideology." Like Dos Passos, Glenn Spotswood wanders off the reservation; but unlike Dos Passos, who merely quarreled with his friend Ernest Hemingway over the shooting of anarchists and libertarians by Loyalist Madrid, Glenn Spotswood is "liquidated" as a "Trotskyist" in Spain. The lesson is disillusioning, even (as the communists claim) defeatist. But the point which Dos Passos makes elsewhere (see his "Farewell to Europe," which was printed in *Common Sense*) is that it is only defeatist so far as the Old World is concerned; in the U.S.A. things move on a somewhat different tangent, and the choice may never be narrowed down to the barbarous one between monolithic communism and monolithic fascism.

In "Adventures of a Young Man" Dos Passos has turned full-circle, re-empha-

* *ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG MAN. By John Dos Passos. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1939. $2.50.*

## Next Week

THE CAMBRIDGE ANCIENT HISTORY
*Reviewed by Elmer Davis*

INSIDE ASIA
By JOHN GUNTHER
*Reviewed by Varian Fry*

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sizing in dramatic fashion all the libertarian values and feeling for the poor, dumb, driven common man that have controlled his thinking from the very beginning. Symbolically enough, John Roderigo Dos Passos was born in Chicago in 1896, both the place and the year being those of William Jennings Bryan's great cross-of-gold, crown-of-thorns speech. His father, who went to the Civil War as a drummer boy only to be invalided out of the Army of the Potomac at the age of fourteen, was a "self-made literate," as Dos Passos describes him, the son of a Portuguese immigrant who had settled in Philadelphia as a shoemaker. Possibly John Roderigo Dos Passos's amazingly intimate feeling for the Iberian and Latin American lands comes down from the grandfather. The son's relationships with his forebears, however, never comes clear in his books, although it is noteworthy that the father was a corporation lawyer and an anti-Bryan Democrat, two things which John Dos Passos distinctly is not. Probably the young Dos Passos's affections were chiefly centered on his mother, who came of old Virginia and Maryland stock and who bore her son at the age of forty-eight. As a boy John Roderigo was carted hither and yon all over the map, living in Mexico, England (where he went to private school), Belgium, Washington, D. C., and on a tidewater farm in the Northern Neck of Virginia. (Memories of these early years can be pieced together by the alert reader from the stream-of-consciousness Camera Eye sections of "The 42nd Parallel," first panel in the U.S.A. trilogy.)

*Harold Weston*

**John Dos Passos**

For a time Dos Passos hoped to enter Annapolis, largely because of a love for the sea which he got from reading the novels of Marryat and from living just inside the Virginia capes. But, after being graduated from Choate School, he compromised on Harvard, which he entered in 1912. His classmates included Robert Nathan and Robert Littell. The period, as Malcolm Cowley has described it, was that of the Harvard esthetes—of e. e. cummings and Gilbert Seldes, smart young men who went on from college to write for Schofield Thayer's *Dial*, which was considered "decadent" by Professor C. T. ("Copey") Copeland, the Cambridge warden of Beautiful Letters. Dos Passos, however, had a seemingly contradictory and entirely unesthetic hunger for raw experience, and after sailing for Spain in 1916 nominally to study architecture, he turned up in Paris as a member of the ambulance service. After the war was over there came the years of wandering as a newspaper correspondent and magazine freelance through Spain, Mexico, and the Near East. His Bible throughout his adolescent years had been Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire"; it was from this, and not from Karl Marx, that Dos Passos presumably got his taste for history in great perspectives. The travel habit and the love for open water have persisted from Dos Passos's earlier days; year by year his normal routine is to mix expeditions to strange places with periods of quiet living on Cape Cod, where he writes in the mornings and swims and sails in the afternoons. Since he hates literary affectation and shop-talk, Dos Passos shuns others of his trade, preferring to spend his leisure dabbling with painting and sketching. His wife, Katy, writes for the magazines under the name of Katherine Smith.

Malcolm Cowley has called Dos Passos "two novelists at war with each other." One is "an esthete traveling about the world in an ivory tower that is mounted on wheels and coupled to the last car of the Orient Express." The other is a "hardminded realist, a collectivist, a radical historian of the class struggle." But Mr. Cowley shrewdly notes that the "art novel," or the novel about "the poet against the world" (see Dos Passos's early "Streets of Night" for a prime example), is not really in antithesis to the "radical history" of "The 42nd Parallel," "Nineteen Nineteen," and "The Big Money." Both types of novel spring from the same central attitude towards a society in which the quest for money tends to crush other human aspirations. (As Edmund Wilson has pointed out in "Axel's Castle," all the vital art forms of the past hundred years, whether Romanticist, Symbolist, or Realist, have derived from the writer's natural antipathy to the values of the bourgeoisie.) The "art novel" and the novel as "radical history" are, in psychoanalytic language, "linked deviations." When Dos Passos is writing about young Boston esthetes who wish they were "leansouled people out of the Renaissance" (as in "Streets of Night") or a musician (as in "Three Soldiers") or a poet (see Jimmy Herf in "Manhattan Transfer"), he is lamenting the fact that artists are frequently run over by the juggernaut of what John Dewey has termed a "money culture." When he is writing about ordinary people (the Italian Fuselli of "Three Soldiers," or sailor Joe Williams of "Nineteen Nineteen"), he is objecting that the same money culture robs the average human being of chances to loaf, to exercise, to work at jobs of his own choosing, to drink wine, to make love. Solicitous of both the acts of artistic creation and the acts of refreshment and renewal, it is the same Dos Passos no matter what type of novel he is writing. Personally, I think Dos Passos wastes some of his sympathies: after all, good poets manage to write even in spite of their times. Nevertheless, the fault of being over-sympathetic is a lovable fault—and if Dos Passos has assigned too little importance to the human will in his earlier books, he is, as we shall see, now making up for it in a character such as Paul Graves in "Adventures of a Young Man."

The inner conflict of Dos Passos (if it can be called a conflict) is typical of his writing generation, for most of the "Harvard esthetes" (or Yale or Princeton esthetes) of the war period had the same ambivalent desire to Escape From It All and to See It All. There was Eugene O'Neill, for example, whose tramp and sailor days were a mingled effort to Get Away from the humdrum and to experience the life of submerged and humdrum people. The pattern runs through the work of a whole group of young men who went to France along with Dos Passos to drive ambulances back in 1916 and 1917. In their constant fluctuation between the poles of Walter Pater and Emile Zola, the early novels of Dos Passos accurately reflect the same *Zeitgeist* that has pushed the "exiles" of the 1920s from Dadaism to Revolution. This *Zeitgeist* breathes through Dos Passos's first crude attempt at fiction, "One Man's Initiation," which was published in England in 1920. In this very adolescent book Martin Howe drives his ambulance through the bloody welter of war-time France, listens to radical criticism of the war—and spends his leisure moments admiring French cathedrals in the manner of the dilettantish Henry Adams. "Three Soldiers" (1921) continues the same mood, although it is orchestrated in terms of two supposedly hard-boiled babies, Fuselli, the Italian store clerk, and Chrisfield, the farm boy from the Middle West, and one softie, John Andrews, the sensitive musician who deserts after the Armistice. "Streets of Night," which was published in 1923, is the only pure "art novel" that Dos Passos has written, and it is significant that it is his worst book—a sickly manifestation of the *fin de siècle* spirit that reached these shores two decades after it had sputtered out in London and Paris.

The obvious turning-point of Dos Passos's career as a novelist came in 1925, with "Manhattan Transfer," a book that is both an "art novel" and an attempt, the most successful to date, to paint a collective portrait of the huge sprawling organism of New York City. It is in his travel books, however, and not in the superficial changes in his novelistic technique, that the evolution of Dos Passos can best be followed. In his first travel book, "Rosinante to the Road Again," Dos

(*Continued on page* 14)

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Company, Inc., 420 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Joseph Hilton Smyth, President; Harrison Smith, Vice-President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription $3.50 a year; Canada $4. Vol. XX, No. 6, June 3, 1939. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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# Getting to Know the Neighbors

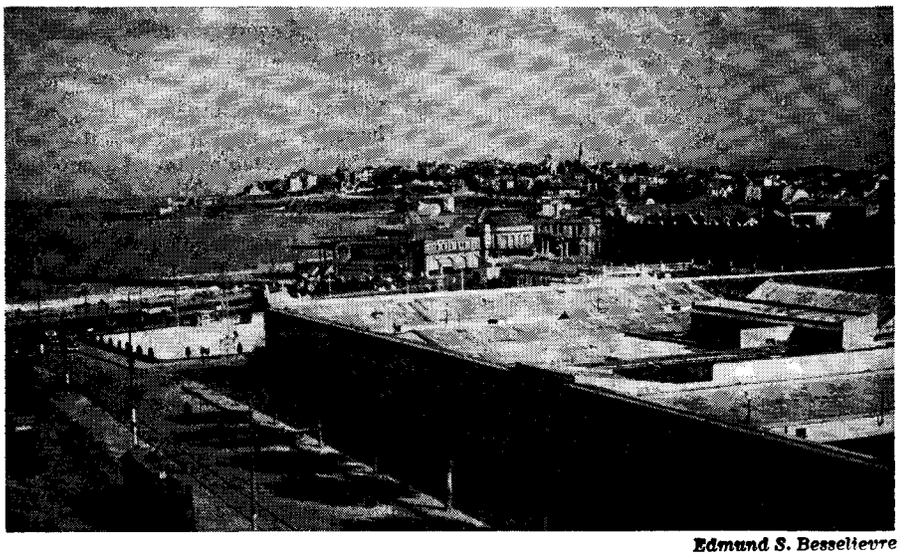
*INTRODUCTION TO ARGENTINA. By Alexander Wilbourne Weddell. New York: The Greystone Press.* 1939. $3.

Reviewed by ERNEST GRUENING

A NEW literature of information is a natural concomitant of the strengthening of ties between the peoples of the Western World. In the case of Mexico, this output preceded the declaration of the Good Neighbor Policy by several years. But recent material concerning our Hispanic neighbors is sadly lacking, though Rourke has contributed a realistic biography of Juan Vicente Gomez, the late dictator of Venezuela; Carleton Beals has written vividly on Peru, and Erna Fergusson has published two excellent volumes on Guatemala and Venezuela.

Now Alexander Weddell, until his recent transfer to Madrid the U. S. Ambassador to the Argentine, has issued a useful and readable compendium of information on perhaps our least understood Hispanic-American state, though one of the greatest in area, population, in economic and cultural development—in short, in general importance. A descriptive and anecdotal account, it is frankly uncritical. This is not merely because Mr. Weddell likes Argentina and its people but because as a continuing member of the United States diplomatic service he had to be more than circumspect in order to offend no sensibilities. Indeed, his book is clearly a sequel through the printed page to his six years of earnest and effective labor to increase good-will between the two countries.

His foreword says frankly that he desires to remove some North American misconceptions about Argentina and hopes some equally well-disposed citizen thereof will render a reciprocal service for the United States, which has been presented to Argentines by foreign writers, and some Americans, as a land of vulgar materialists, of gangsters and kidnappers. With this motivation and the inevitable inhibitions imposed by propriety, we cannot expect a deep and searching analysis of social and economic trends, an exposé of national virtues and vices. Instead, we have a non-controversial guide-book which conveys just what the tourist and first-time visitor to the Argentine are likely to require. From it emerges a clear picture of the physiography, the life and society, manners and customs of the country of San Martin, of the great modern metropolis of Buenos Aires where dwells one-fifth of the population, of the land that stretches from the tropics to the sub-Antarctic, from the great Plata river system that empties into the Atlantic across the pampa to the loftiest Andes. Numerous excellent photographs greatly enhance the text.



Edmund S. Besselievre

**"A land that stretches from the tropics to the Sub-Antarctic. . . . " Mar del Plata (from "Introduction to Argentina").**

# Japanese Soldier

*WHEAT AND SOLDIERS. By Corporal Ashihei Hino. New York: Farrar & Rinehart.* 1939. $2.

Reviewed by T. A. BISSON

A JAPANESE soldier, already a minor literary figure before his call to the colors, writes superbly in this book of his experiences in the war. Out of a collection of letters home, of reflections set down in his diary, he creates an unforgettable little masterpiece. Within a few months it sold nearly half a million copies in Japan. Its artless simplicity conceals the hand of a matured craftsman. The landing at Hangchow Bay before dawn of November 5, 1937, or the bitter struggle of the trapped Japanese column north of Suchow in April, 1938, shows the common Japanese soldier in all the physical tortures and emotional intensities of modern warfare. Mud and filth,

**Corporal Ashihei Hino**

the gnawing fear, thoughts of home and friends, the agony of prolonged marches, the lust to kill, the grasping at life's simplest sensuous pleasures—flowers, rest in the sunshine, good food—all these are set down as living experiences virtually as they occur. The translation by Baroness Ishimoto, clothing the direct, concrete sentences of the original in common American idiom, is itself a literary achievement of unusual merit, and should go far to mitigate the suspected anti-war proclivities for which she was jailed in December, 1937.

The Japanese authorities did well to allow this book to become a best seller. If it stirs even the foreigner's pulse, how much more deeply it must move the Japanese people. The most intimate chords of patriotic feeling are subtly touched—the veneration for the Emperor, the mystic "thousand-stitches' belt" sewed by Japanese women for protection of their husbands and sons, the comradeship of men in arms, the cremation of the dead on the battlefield, the careful attention to the wounded, the solicitude of officers for the men. The brutality and filth is there, but it is somehow transfigured, so that it blends into a stirring appeal to the nation. And the book will have no evil effects on the American public, unless the reader is able to jerk himself out of its spell. For it sheds a new light on the role of the Japanese army in China. As Corporal Ashihei Hino tells the story, the airplanes do not crash their bombs into the helpless civilians of crowded Chinese cities; they come as messengers of relief to beleaguered troops. Chinese women and children are protected, and prisoners of war—except in one instance, where three are executed—are well treated. Corporal Ashihei Hino and Baroness Ishimoto have, in fact, done their bit. By the very merits of its artistry, "Wheat and Soldiers" becomes a transparent idealization of what, after all, is a brutally aggressive assault on a helpless people.

*T. A. Bisson is on the staff of the Foreign Policy Association.*

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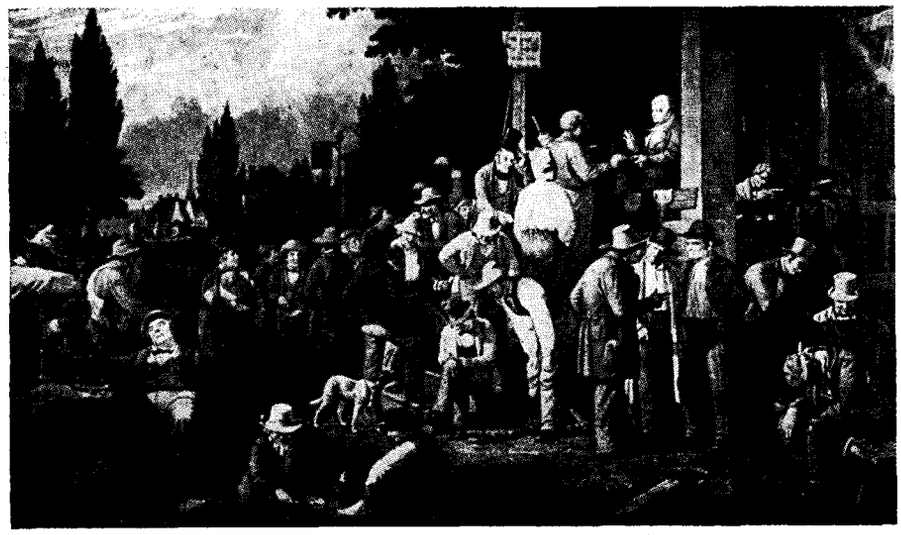

From the jacket of "The Rampaging Frontier"

# Horizons of the Backwoods

*THE RAMPAGING FRONTIER. By Thomas D. Clark. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.* 1939. $3.

Reviewed by EVERETT DICK

THIS chronicle of "the manners and humors of pioneer days in the South and the Middle West," adds another volume to the increasing accumulation of evidence that Frederick Jackson Turner, the great apostle of frontier history, was right when he explained that when the white man came in contact with the savage Indian and lived in his wild environment, he went down to the level of his savage enemy. If the savage rough and tumble fights in which the adversaries sought to gouge out each other's eyes or chew off noses and ears are any indication, the Kentucky frontier certainly was an area of semi-savagery.

In the racy, even almost spectacular style, Mr. Clark pursues his course through the various phases of frontier life in the region of Kentucky and the near-by territory. His readers struggle with wild animals, attend duels and shooting matches, go courting, attend camp meeting, paddle down the Mississippi to New Orleans, visit the gambling joints at the ports, sleep at the taverns on the return trip, campaign with the politicians, bet on horse races, play cards.

One of the outstanding characteristics of the frontier was inquisitiveness. The conservative European rode for hours in company with a new acquaintance without so much as a question concerning his private affairs. When he arrived in the backwoods, however, although he was a perfect stranger, he was plied with questions by the frontiersmen starved for news and famished for companionship. Perhaps this desire for news, added to the wild loneliness of the forest and the common fight against wild animals, savages, and nature in the raw, promoted the spirit of hospitality.

The love for the home vicinity and the feeling it was the best place on earth early took root. Timothy Flint, a well-known minister, heard a backwoods preacher struggling for proper descriptive words to portray heaven finally explain that it was "a Kaintuck of a place."

Mr. Clark tells his whole story in the refreshing colloquialism of the time. Every paragraph fairly reeks with backwoods talk. This feature is an extremely valuable one in that it brings to the present generation an authentic reproduction of backwoods language which was strong and often smelled of brimstone.

The author sets for himself the task of "presenting . . . a well-rounded picture of the life of the common man." However, he falls short of his aim in that he isolates himself amidst the spectacular, the striking features of that backwoods life of yesterday. This "man bites dog" approach fails to give the humdrum everyday life of the pioneer which, after all, was the heart of the life in the forest. The features emphasized in this book are but the lace and tassels on the yard goods.

Details about making soap, boiling maple sugar, robbing bee trees, butchering, grubbing stumps, clearing land, and manufacturing crude goods for the self-sufficient frontier life are almost entirely lacking. The primitive school, the funeral, the revival meeting, and town building are likewise missing.

The volume is well documented, and even the most critical will not find any appreciable number of errors in fact, although in a few instances the author may have been misled into using an unusual incident as an example of the usual. An index would greatly add to the usefulness of the work for the serious student.

*Everett Dick is the author of "Sod-House Frontier."*

# British Dry-Rot

*NIGHT OVER ENGLAND. By Eugene and Arline Löhrke. New York: Harrison-Hilton Books.* 1939. $2.

Reviewed by JAMES FREDERICK GREEN

THE present journey of Their Britannic Majesties across North America, astutely planned to revive loyalty in Canada and goodwill in the United States, emphasizes the precarious position of the Empire. Now, as in the days of Philip II and Napoleon I, the British Isles are in danger of invasion by a continental foe, armed this time with the most terrible weapon known in history. Since the North Americans are being asked—graciously and subtly, to be sure—for considerable assistance in event of war, it is only fair that they should investigate the assets and moral standing of Their Majesties' realm. In "Night over England," two Americans undertake such an inventory and warn their fellow-citizens to look carefully before they leap the Atlantic.

The Löhrkes argue that contemporary England is afflicted with a rust and dry-rot that are destroying all but the imperial façade. The ruling classes, weary of active and inventive leadership, are content to sacrifice everything—even the safety of their nation—merely to preserve their own possessions. The ruled classes, accustomed to enjoy security in return for their labor and social inferiority, are thus left bewildered by the vague, submissive foreign policy of their government. The gap between the powerful, civilized, and progressive England of yesterday, which still dazzles the American tourist, and the weak, shabby, and servile England of today, which in no wise dazzles Herr Hitler, is widening to a fatal degree. The true index of modern Britain, "drift and inertia," became evident first during the Ethiopian dispute, then in the Spanish war, and finally amidst the Czech crisis. Through this drift and inertia, the authors discover, the British upper classes have neglected every public interest from defense to dentistry.

The importance of this book, which contains the most revealing analysis of English character to appear in recent years, arises from a combination of sympathy and restraint. The Löhrkes portray the British attitude to the September crisis as fully and understandingly as Hindus and Gedye depict the Czech reaction. Having lived for several years in a Sussex village, the authors reflect the views of the farmer and artisan, proud of their national heritage and conscious of their dignity as free and honest yeomen. After trying on gas masks and preparing for war during the weeks before Munich, the villagers could not comprehend the last-minute surrender. "For the first time in my life," said the Löhrke gardener, "I'm ashamed to be an Englishman." In such personal and informal terms, the authors

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allow the ordinary British citizen to speak for himself. Unlike Robert Briffault, who derides everything English as worthless, the Löhrkes respect and praise the finest qualities of the British tradition. Unlike Margaret Halsey, in preparing their inventory of virtues and vices they prefer wisdom to the wisecrack. In describing the night of confusion and futility which they find settling over England, the Löhrkes employ remarkably agreeable prose, interspersed with humor, irony, and a touch of bitterness.

"Night over England" begins and ends with the September crisis. Perhaps Mr. Chamberlain's guarantees, alliances, and conscription offer some slight hope that the years of drift and inertia are ending, but such a hope remains very slight until younger and braver leaders appear to restore Britain's ancient power. For those North Americans who feel a trifle overwhelmed by royal pomp and circumstance, this brief and incisive picture of dry-rot beneath the throne is highly recommended.

*James Frederick Green is on the staff of the Foreign Policy Association.*

## Good Ideas for Stories

*THE HORSE THAT COULD WHISTLE "DIXIE." By Jerome Weidman. New York: Simon & Schuster.* 1939. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE STEVENS

MR. WEIDMAN is a serious and talented story writer, somewhat less than expert. Mostly he goes in for the extended anecdote, and there is a tendency to sameness in the material; several stories are, like Mr. Weidman's novels ("I Can Get It for You Wholesale," "What's in It for Me?"), the dead give-away of Grade A heels in autobiographical form. The technique is usually that of the *New Yorker* "casual," but most of the stories are rather more serious in tone than *New Yorker* material generally is. The best one is about the dilemma of a woman, married to an incurable tubercular husband, who has to choose between her future and his life. There is a well-plotted sketch of a Broadway columnist on the way out, who keeps his job through adroit blackmail. Some of the miniatures of Bronx home life are excellent; and there are a few very short stories which effectively record a single observation of character. The title story, for instance, is about a man bullying his son into riding a pony in the park: the son is terrified, the onlookers resentful but impotent. On the whole the stories seem to proceed out of "good ideas" rather than out of a view of life. They have more punch and point than the usual slice-of-life narratives; they carry more conviction than the usual slick-magazine jobs. Moreover, they are all interesting; and it is possible that two or three will stick in memories and anthologies.

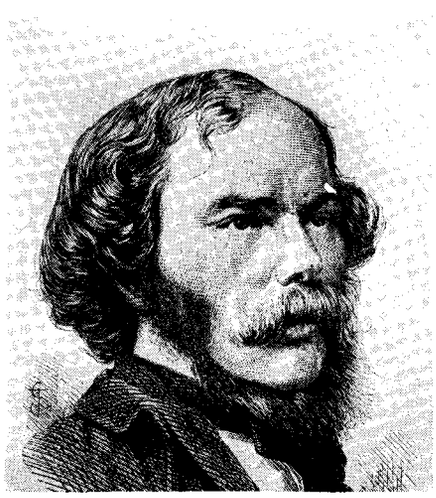
# Brave New World

*THE PARTY OF HUMANITY.* The Fortnightly Review *and its contributors: 1865-1874. By Edwin Mallard Everett. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press.* 1939. $3.50.

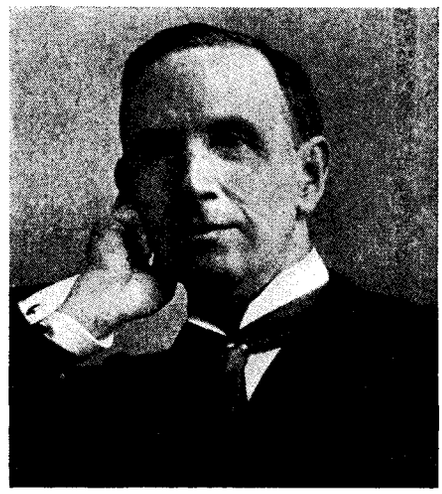
Reviewed by CHARLES FREDERICK HARROLD

IF you suffer from the new "pre-war" weariness, you will read much of this book with humorous nostalgia and a touch of ironic incredulity. For it is the story of the first ten years of *The Fortnightly Review,* when it was thought—oh, brave new world!—that "man, being essentially a rational creature capable of continuous improvement, needed only education and political equality" to make him virtuous and happy; then, by the ingenuity of chemists, sociologists, and educators, his happiness, if not his virtue, "might ultimately be raised to a form of ecstasy." Those were the days when the *Review's* first editor, George Henry Lewes, spelled science with a capital "S," and its greatest editor, John Morley, spelled God with a small "g."

Mr. Edwin Mallard Everett, the latest historian of those innocent and hopeful times, has written a carefully documented study which bears some of the marks of the doctoral dissertation but which is happily superior in its organization and its maturity of style. He deals with the early years of the *Fortnightly* with scholarly understanding and with a consciousness of the ironies of history. In his work the late-Victorian battle for liberalism, positivism, and humanitarianism ceases to be merely a faint and touching echo. There are illuminating pages on the *Fortnightly's* introduction of the signed article as an innovation in contemporary journalism; its effort to provide a forum for debate on significant public issues; its place in the literary, religious, political, and economic pattern of the times. The author likewise shows its audacities and its inconsistencies: its support of the wicked Swinburne and Zola, and its calm discussion of birth



George Henry Lewes



*Elliott & Fry*

John Morley

control and even euthanasia; its curious obtuseness in attacking Ruskin's humanitarian economics, its illiberal erection of reason-logic-and-utility as a dogma of its own, and its failure to live up to its ideal of cosmopolitanism by succumbing to the blandishments of Victorian "progress." On the whole, as a cross-section view of English liberal opinion between the heyday of Robert Owen and the arrival of "Das Kapital" and the Fabians, Mr. Everett's study is an admirable piece of work.

Since 1914 many of us, in the bitter pride of disillusion, have been tempted to show a certain condescension toward the earnest optimists of liberal England. But much in "The Party of Humanity" has a melancholy familiarity for the reader of 1939. In the Franco-Prussian struggle, England faced then, as now, the question, "Who, really, is the aggressor?" The *Fortnightly* realized then, as now, that "the capabilities of science," if fully applied in war, "would at length bring destruction on armies, cities, countries." The "calculated terrorism" of the German army in France was even then a shock to the incredulous liberals. And while Mill and Morley persisted in regarding German scientific efficiency as necessarily making for "the greater happiness of mankind in Europe," Frederic Harrison, with uncanny foresight, saw the war as only the "beginning of an epoch of wars." "Can War Be Avoided?" is the title of a paper planned by Viscount Amberley. The vocabulary of events and fears is all too familiar. Yet the chronic crisis which has stretched the nerves of Europe for nearly a generation has one of its origins in *Fortnightly* liberalism—its uncritical glorification of reason, "progress," and humanitarian hope. Mr. Everett himself admits, at the end of his book, that while the change it wrought was great, "as to the ultimate quality of that change one can, just now, only guess and fear."

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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## Writers on the Platform

THE League of American Writers, which is holding its third biennial Congress in New York this week-end (June 2-4), invites this magazine to comment on its propositions and plans, and asks specifically, "What do you think American writers meeting in June, 1939 should be most concerned about?"

The Congress will present several general sessions, in which distinguished speakers will discuss the Writer and Democracy, Writers in Exile, and other subjects both political and literary. There will also be a schedule of Craft Sessions on screen writing, radio writing, and similar technical questions. The value of these discussions cannot be prejudged; it all depends on what the speakers have to say. We take it for granted that there will be some good addresses given (some of the speakers, we note, also appeared on similar programs at the recent P. E. N. Congress), and we assume that these will later be published.

This is particularly to be hoped for, since the influence of the writer is best disseminated by the written rather than by the spoken word. It is in the nature of literary congresses that a good deal of enthusiasm is whooped up, owing largely to the disposition of the audience to agree with everything the speakers say. A few hundred applauding listeners can give an appearance of importance to a meeting, when what is actually going on is a species of intellectual inbreeding. Even a capacity audience at Carnegie Hall—say three thousand—is a small audience for a writer. Three thousand is not an impressive figure in terms of book sales or magazine circulations. In short, if a writer has something to say which is supposed to influence other people, the test of its influence is in its effect on those who do not already hold the same opinions as the writer, as well as in his ability to reach and interest (though perhaps not immediately or directly) a reading public of significant dimensions.

That is to say, writers are writers, not speakers. While many of them can do a spot of lecturing here and there, either to pick up an honest dollar or to spread an honest gospel, their ultimate position is one of solitude, their ultimate relationship is one with an unseen and unknown *reader*, who is in an equally solitary position. This brings us to the League's question, "What do you think American writers meeting in June, 1939 should be most concerned about?" Well, we think they should be most concerned about the quality of their literary output. Or rather, what we really think is that there is nothing that they "should" necessarily be concerned about as writers. As citizens, obviously, we are all concerned about the preservation of democracy; and it is true that the writer, who is among the first to suffer under dictatorship—from censorship, exile, or worse—has a special interest. But to intensify that special interest to a point where the writer feels under obligation to write things that do not proceed from his inner necessities is to do his own work a disservice in order to exert an "influence" which may be quite illusory. We do not say that there is no such thing as good propagandist literature: on the contrary. But we believe that good propagandist literature is produced by certain writers out of the same kind of inner necessity which in other writers produces lyric poetry. It is the second kind of writer who may be misled by a sense of public responsibility into mediocre writing alien to his talents. There is a great deal to be said for literary congresses as long as we remember that one man's meeting is another man's poison.

## Ernst Toller

THE suicide of Ernst Toller is a tragic waste of great ability, and that it was presumably a result of the destruction of all his ideals for a Europe of free minds, does not make the tragedy any less. We can add little to what has already been said of Toller's career as a dramatist, which may have only begun. He was essentially one of those stimulating minds, rich in ideas, and richer still in vivid emotion, which stamp their personality upon whatever medium they use. His activities as a revolutionary in post-war Germany are well known, and also his career as a writer from a prison under sentence of the Republic, where perhaps his most impressive work was done. Not so well known is the story of his dramatic appearance at the Annual Congress of the International P.E.N. Clubs in Dubrovnik, Jugo-Slavia in 1933. The rumor that he would appear—as he had a right to do as a member of the P.E.N. Clubs—was enough to cause the new government of Hitler to disband the German P.E.N. Club, pack it with new members servile to the regime, but unknown to the other centers, and send a picked delegation with a skillful lawyer at the head to Dubrovnik to protest against Toller's admission to the floor of the Congress. He came, and, after stormy debate, he was welcomed and allowed to speak, which he did eloquently. The German delegation withdrew in tumult and confusion, and later a past membership in the German or Austrian P.E.N. was made a sufficient cause for detention in a concentration camp; and the P.E.N.—a liberal but rather conservative organization of the writers of some fifty countries, first headed by John Galsworthy—was attacked publicly by Goebbels as an organization of communists and Jews. This was the first encounter between the new forces of repression in the German Reich and the outside world of artists and intellectuals. Ernst Toller was its symbol, and his memory will always be associated with the struggles of German exiles to keep German liberalism alive somewhere in the world.

H. S. C.

# Fishermen's Wharf: Marseilles

BY C. F. MacINTYRE

TAMED sons of corsairs and Saracens, iron fellows,
harvest the sea with nets and rakes and grapples
to stock this nightly market with rose-dappled
red-snappers, coral shrimp and glaucous-yellow

*algobi*, conger eels, black-lacquered mussels
with orange sunset-flesh, lewd squishy squids
with sinister eyes and domed episcopal heads,
abalone: monopeds of sucking muscle;

mercurial-mucus-oysters (with halves of lemons),
wall-eyed flounders, urchins of prickly purple,
and *violettes*—those succulent ocean-truffles—
black-wimpled "nuns" and Gothic sculpin-demons;

curled silver crescents with round gasping mouths
of gargoyled death, bronze lobsters, a vermilion
sea-star sprawled on emerald moss: a million
stiffened to sculpture by this sudden drouth.

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# Letters to the Editor: *James Joyce and the English Language*

## "Finnegans Wake"

SIR:—I trust you will be good enough to spare space for a protest against the tepidity of the review of James Joyce's "Finnegans Wake" in your issue of May 6. Mr. Rosenfeld has borne the burden of several frays on several intellectual and agnostic forefronts but, having been reared in an atmosphere of pure reason, he is unfitted to appreciate to the full the peculiar, hieratic qualities of Mr. Joyce's mind. If you are not attuned to the instrument you can hardly do justice to its sound. Hence, Mr. Rosenfeld's lack of sensuous appreciation of the "wit and mysterious poetry" that, intellectually, he perceives in the book. To get a full joy out of Mr. Joyce's polychromaticfugal effects of language, one must have been brought up in either Jesuit or high Anglican neighborhoods, or in any of the vast territories that lie between those two extremes. Your ears must have been at an early age so impregnated with the verbiage of the mass, the Book of Common Prayer, the Vulgate, and the Authorized Version that the mere vowel sequences of certain passages will be sufficient to call back to you all the associations of your youth. If, say, in the three most impressionable years of your life, you have heard the burden of Collects, Prayers, and Novenas 10,950 times (3 times 10 times 365) in school or seminary chapels, the mere sequence of the vowel coloring of that phrase will give you acute pleasure if you hear it in quite other verbiage. Imagine a paragraph of Mr. Joyce recounting how a Bloom or a Finnegan refuses an invitation to sit at the groaning board of him who had great possessions whilst accepting one to share the unleavened hoe-cake of Lazarus. Imagine the Cranmerian rhythm of the whole paragraph and then the ending: "Rather the bun of the lowly host." To Mr. Rosenfeld that might not be very great fun. But we who recognize the triple fugue implicit in those words, feel the joy that cannot be known to those without the Pale. You have, as first subject, the content paraphrasing the Beatitude, "Blessed are the humble and meek." You have as second subject, the vowel coloring. And as third subject, the suggestion of the continual burden of the church's unceasing dedication of herself to the persons of the Trinity. As a free fantasia accompanying the counterpoint, you will have your own emotions in remembrance of shivering winter mornings in the frosty school chapel.

Or again, rightly to get joy out of Mr. Joyce, you must appreciate his chief note, which is a kind of tender picking on God and his Mother such as the pupils of Jesuits will get a tittering joy at bringing out whilst chancing that their innocuous blasphemies shall bring down upon their heads the stern voice of their teacher, saying, "Boy, let down your small clothes."

The comprehension of these primary characteristics must be yours if you desire to taste all the joy that can be got out of Bloom or Finnegan; but Mr. Joyce's universality is founded on what Mr. Rosenfeld perspicaciously styles "Mr. Joyce's half tender and half savagely blasphemous picture of human life" . . . and on his unparalleled investigation into the uses to which words and their associations can be put.

"From the last book I bought here, I got nothing but weeds."

English is a language ill-suited to good prose because of the associations that, like burrs, cling undetachable to every English word, and the simplest English sentence is forever blurred because it can always have several meanings. Even "the Cat is on the Mat" can mean so much more than meets the eye. If, for instance, you met the statement on top of a newspaper column you would at once guess that Parliament was discussing the abolition of flogging in the Services. Or Mr. Norman Douglas was right in considering that "They Went" as a title for one of his books would arouse curiosity, since so bold a statement must seem to convey implications such as They Went, flying from fear of disgrace, of threats, of physical violences, of inundations, of earthquakes—with the corollary that you couldn't see their going for dust.

Most of us weaker brothers of the pen try to get round this characteristic of our language by using simpler and always more simple words and constructions. But, wiser and more brave, Mr. Joyce seizes the polysignificance of English as the philosophic basis of his labors, and attracts always more associations to his words until the literal meaning of almost every word is lost in a burr-mantle of local or colloquial colorings. And the world owes gratitude to his huge prodigality, since not only does his prose prove how magnificently hued our language may be but it affords us lesser navigators in the sea of words a chart to show us how far we may go. It maps the verges of the word user's habitable universe.

Thus "Finnegans Wake" stands up across the flat lands of our literatures as does the first Pyramid across the sands of Egypt, and its appearance at this moment is almost the one event of amazing importance sufficient to withdraw our attention from public events. And thus, Mr. Rosenfeld's attempt to turn readers from this masterpiece is one contrary to the interests of the Republic, for, if we are deterred from removing our attention from public circumstances today, there can be no end for us but a blithering lunacy of imbecile phraseologists.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

FAUGH AN-BALLAGH FAUGH.

New York City.

## Domesday Book

SIR:—Hermon Dunlop Smith, who lives in Lake Forest, has two copies of "The Amenities of Book Collecting" by Newton. One is in his proper place on the shelves of his library. The other lies in a drawer of the desk in his library.

This duplicate desk copy—not a first edition—he uses as a record book. On the inside front cover and on the fly leaves is recorded his "long" account—books that he owns which are owing to him. Whenever he lends a book he writes down the title and the person to whom he has loaned it.

On the back cover and on the back fly leaves, he keeps his "short" account—books that he has borrowed, and the persons from whom he has borrowed them.

That copy of Newton he calls the long and the short—a record of his books owned and owed.

BEN ABRAMSON.

Argus Book Shop, Chicago.

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# The Writers of Quebec

*THE SPIRIT OF FRENCH CANADA. A STUDY OF THE LITERATURE. By Ian Forbes Fraser. New York: Columbia University Press.* 1939. $2.75.

Reviewed by STEPHEN LEACOCK

THOSE of us who live in Canada, and most of all those of us who write books in it, must modestly admit that so far our literature has made no great stir in the world at large. If all that we have written had been sunk in the St. Lawrence, the loss to mankind in general would be quite measurable. Mr. Fraser, in the final chapter of the work before us, hints at, or at least reflects, the idea that the country is too young and needs yet that "long preparation through centuries" which enables France, for example, to produce the literature of "romanticism and symbolism." If this were so, the outlook for a couple of centuries is a little discouraging,—indeed it would seem hard to keep on working. But, personally, I cannot at all subscribe to this "young country" explanation of a dearth of literature. You could send a dozen people of the right sort to the youngest of the South Sea Islands and they would start up a South Sea School of Literature in a month,—now I think of it, Robert Louis Stevenson did it with Samoa. And in Canada itself Louis Hémon, the youngest of Frenchmen, came out to the youngest part of Canada—still fresh from the axe—and wrote one of the world's masterpieces. Why couldn't we do it? Don't say we were too busy building up the country,—we weren't. Indeed ever so many of us were out of work and had lots of time to write "Maria Chapdelaine."

If Mr. Ian Forbes Fraser had written his account of French Canadian literature in the stereotyped form of a historical account of authors and books, it would have worn the familiar and pathetic aspect of trying to make much out of little, and to exalt honorable mediocrity into genius. This he has not done. His title, "The Spirit of French Canada," indicates what he set out to do and has admirably succeeded in doing. He is not answering the question, what does French Canadian literature amount to—in the detached sense of literary value. He is answering the question, what part has literature played in the development of the life and spirit of French Canada.

With this his book takes on a new interest. It tells us over again in a new light the wonderful story of French Canadian survival in Canada. Here they were, a handful of 65,000 people strung along the St. Lawrence, in a whole continent either English or empty. At the conquest of 1763 their official class, their noblesse (though not all of them) went home to France. They had no printing press, no journals, few books other than works of devotion. The moving current of their French history had turned to an ebb-tide that left them stranded. The incoming alien government was fair enough to the King's "new subjects" but took little interest in them. The American Revolution sent in a flood of favored "loyalists" breaking "Canada" in two. The French Revolution, atheistic and destructive, divided them from their parentage, an absolute separation, as Mr. Fraser shows, till the entente of the Crimean War, and a fracture only artificially joined today.

Marvelous it is that such an outcast group has survived, has multiplied from 65,000 to 4,000,000 (in Canada and the United States); that it numbers almost a third of the population of the Dominion; sees already in its fecund birthrate a new conquest of Canada, and stands with its Church entrenched as a bulwark and its language buttressed by a metropolitan press, by schools, colleges, libraries, and the whole apparatus of radio and cinema that carries Paris to Montreal.

The importance of French Canadian literature, Mr. Fraser shows, lies in its contribution towards this survival. He shows us Garneau's "Histoire du Canada" (1845), not as the work of a scientific historian, but as opening the era of French Canadian authorship. The poet Octave Crémagie (1827-79) models himself on Victor Hugo, reaches out his hand to France, and sings of Sebastopol. Here is Louis Fréchette, a poet of the "Victorian" brand, orthodox, melodious, a little hollow perhaps, but at least a poet. When France awarded him the Montyon prize,—*a succès d'estime*, very possibly, his fellow "Canayens" felt that the country had arrived. A similar patriotic merit is found in works of prose fiction in such writers of the past as Aubert de Gaspé ("Les Anciens Canadiens," c. 1865), aiming at reviving history, and the contemporary work of the Abbé Savard ("Menaud, le Maître-Draveur") and the Abbé Groulx ("L'Appel de la Race"), aiming at inspiring patriotism.

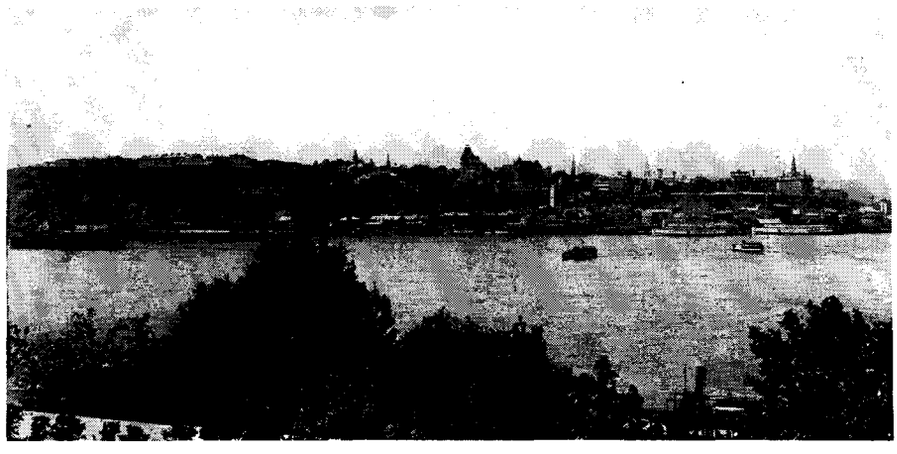
At least they have written what is probably fiction and undoubtedly laid in Canada,—much of it perhaps rather buried than laid, but never mind. Brilliant also, apart from patriotism, is the work of a few present writers, such as Paul Morin (the poet of the "Paon d'Email"), though isolated in their brilliance, thinks Mr. Fraser, stars wandering from the Parisian sky.

In all this, literature is contributing to national purpose,—to the maintenance of the church, of history, of remembrance. The usual role is reversed. Purpose leads: art follows. The objection that this is a false basis for literature is too obvious to be rejected.

But a true note is struck, as shown in Mr. Fraser's excellent chapter on the "Cult of the Soil," when French Canadian thought turns from politics, from nationalism, from the everlasting English, to the silence of the woods, to the lakes spreading calm in the mist of the sunrise, or the winter spruce trees buried in snow—*there* appears the art that needs no purpose, not even happiness. A deep melancholy, thinks Mr. Fraser, sinks into the soul of the French Canadian, sorrowing over nature,—the falling woods, the vanishing forest, the waters changed to power and passing out with his own destiny. Anyone who could say this in poetry, could say something.

And the English,—ah! the English,—if nature is the background, the existence of the English alongside of them is the foreground of French Canadian thought. We French and English in Canada are queerly assorted bed-fellows,—like two commercial travelers "doubling up" in one of our country hotels and trying to turn our backs and go to sleep. On both sides the number of us who appreciate our bilingual culture, our history of double honor, our mutual tolerance, is far less than those who don't.

Mr. Fraser, like all other writers, puts on this topic a soft pedal—or rather a softer pencil. But read it into the lines of his book and the invisible ink turns to characters only too clear.



**Quebec and the St. Lawrence**

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# Another Great American Dream

*MAKING GOOD BEFORE FORTY. By Walter B. Pitkin. New York: Robert M. McBride Co. 1939. $2.*

Reviewed by ELIZABETH HAWES

THIS book is written only for the two million people who Mr. Pitkin feels can understand the "great American Dream" and make it come true. The great American Dream is "widespread, comfortable freedom." This great dream is to be accomplished by making it possible for people to live better on less.

Mr. Pitkin thinks that there are two million souls in the U. S. A. who surpass ninety-five per cent of the total population in general intelligence, in training, and in energy. The two million do not comprise the idle and spoiled rich. They are not the middle class. They are not the dumb masses. They are YOU!

The ideal is to give widespread, comfortable freedom. We are not told how widespread it is all to be. We are simply told that if you can think up a job which will make it possible for people to live better on less, you are following the great American Dream. If you follow the great American Dream, you will have a good job and make enough money to live comfortably. You will throw incompetents out of their jobs—and let them eat cake.

Most of the book is given over to a thorough analysis of how to make friends and get the job. Making friends, as usual, consists in wasting no time with people who aren't going to prove useful. There are lists of the kind of people who will prove most useful for different types of followers of the great American Dream. All the time you make friends (You and You and You—You, the two million who should be running things), all that time you clip newspapers and keep card files of the friends. Much of this goes under the head of keeping your leisure well-rounded.

When you and you and you aren't keeping your leisure round, you work. You don't work with an eye on the clock. You kick about rules which keep you from working twelve hours a day. You curry favor like mad with the boss and then, guess what, Mr. Pitkin doesn't promise you'll be president at all. He just promises that you will feel right about everything and be plugging away for the Dream and will be able to eat without going on relief. No one of the two million will ever go on relief. They're too proud.

As a member of the two million, every upstanding American can gratefully acknowledge his supremacy over "Old World People," a lot of whom have gotten to be citizens. It was a mistake. The rest of the population are either rich idlers or they are vicious good-for-nothings. Only the two million are worth considering.

The two million, under the opium of Mr. Pitkin's latest opus, are going to take their places in the United States if they will just study at noon hour. They will make plenty of money by showing the rest of the people how to live better on less. Little boys may no longer hope to be President, but they can at least hope to be good secretaries if they listen to Mr. Pitkin.

Maybe someone besides Mr. Pitkin's readers should start paying attention to what he writes. One hopeful note is sounded by him concerning American women. He says they don't fit in very well in the modern business world. They don't believe in accumulating things, apparently. They become nervous and fly off the handle. I hope Mr. Pitkin's book falls into the hands of a lot of people who become very nervous and fly off the handle about it. I didn't raise my boy to work twelve hours a day and like it, Mr. Pitkin.

*Elizabeth Hawes is the author of "Fashion Is Spinach." Her new book, "Men Can Take It," will be reviewed next week.*

# Story of a Genius

*IMMORTAL EASE. By Kathleen Coyle. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1939. $2.50.*

Reviewed by MAY SARTON

THE first thing to say about this novel is that it is extremely readable: provocative material illuminated by understanding and technical virtuosity. Kathleen Coyle is an accomplished writer. The second thing to say is that finally, from the point of view of literature, it is disappointing. Writing about genius, particularly, about poetic genius, is daring. Elinor Wylie very nearly succeeded in "Mr. Hodge and Mr. Hazard," perhaps because as a poet, she was interested in essence rather than event. Miss Coyle has chosen to analyze personality in its context, realistically. She is doubly daring in allowing genius to speak for itself; this novel is written as the autobiography of Victoria Rising, who, it is intimated, suggests Elinor Wylie. Miss Coyle sets the standard herself and it is dangerously high. Would not a poet have guarded her words more jealously and framed them better? This is a romantic, highly-colored style which poets of genius do not indulge in as a rule. (Think of Keats's letters.) It lacks the excitement of nerve, so evident in Elinor Wylie's own poetry.

But Miss Coyle knows how to build a novel. After the first hundred pages or so one is captured fast by the story. The characters have value in what they stand for apart from their complex three-dimensional selves. They are rich and beautifully defined. There is the stern new Ireland in the shape of Michael and

**Kathleen Coyle**

the intuitive old Ireland in the shape of Katie, passionate and indestructible. There is the dynamic and dangerous Lloyd, the man of action in a world of scoundrels and fools, who suggests T. E. Lawrence. There is the binding relation of these three to Victoria Rising. There is Victoria Rising herself.

When I considered the novel as a whole it seemed to me that Kathleen Coyle had invented a marvelous plot to illuminate a theme which she threw away: the war between a poet's life and his work. We are presented with a beautiful, sensitive, and discerning woman, ruthlessly honest with herself and with others, who is driven by some flaw in her nature (if she is primarily a woman) or some inner necessity (if she is primarily a poet) to flee from every major experience in her life, to the point finally of ceasing to exist. If Miss Coyle had made us believe in Victoria Rising as a poet, her escape might have come from the implacable core, not from a central weakness; it would have been escape into the difficult solitariness from which she must write. In our time we have seen this in Rilke's life and stated again and again in Yeats's poetry. The simulated death would have been a stroke of great imaginative power instead of a neat trick in the plot. As it is, one feels deprived of the theme. The exciting, beautifully told story loses its final significance. It does not add to our understanding of poetic genius, and I can see no other reason for writing a book about a poet than to do this.

I hope I have suggested, even in making this criticism, that "Immortal Ease" is a provocative, and therefore rewarding novel. There are minor themes, such as the interesting one that three of the characters have to suffer a kind of death before they can begin to live. One can still be thankful for a novel so rich in humanity, a novel disappointing only in that it does not take its place in literature, in the deepest sense of that word.

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***BOOK PREVIEW***

# Red-Top Boots

BY CLYDE BRION DAVIS

**This week *The Saturday Review* presents a chapter from Clyde Brion Davis's new novel, "Nebraska Coast," the story of a pioneer family which went West from York State during the Civil War. "Nebraska Coast" will be published June 19 by Farrar & Rinehart.**

NOMINALLY Father was a farmer. But he didn't do a great deal of farming. He always felt he could have more fun and make more money doing something else than trying to raise crops on the stony hillsides.

A frequent occupation of Father's was charcoal burning. He would make tight wigwams of birch or willow poles over a pile of pitch pine, leaving a hole near the bottom to start a fire. Then he would cover the wigwam with dirt. When the fire was started he would shovel dirt over the vent and throw more dirt on the sides where smoke oozed out.

When the fire had burned down the dirt-covered wigwam would have been converted into charcoal which he would load into our green-and-white sloop *Lily* and transport to Canandaigua. Sometimes he would take Alan or me along. That was always an adventure, going to Canandaigua.

There was such a trip when I was about eight years old. I had learned to steer after a fashion and Father had given me the tiller while he went down in the cabin to see how an earthen jug was riding.

I had taken off my new red-topped boots to ease my feet and had set them up beside me where I could admire them. There was a fresh quartering wind and little whitecaps were popping across the lake, which was blue from the summer sky. Cloud shadows drifted across the high, vine-terraced hills and I was happy with anticipation of what I should do and see in Canandaigua.

In my preoccupation I suppose I let up on the tiller. Anyhow the sloop swung with the wind. Suddenly the sail went slack, then with a crack it billowed inward and the boom came swinging back like a whip.

I dropped the tiller and dove headfirst down the cabin hatch, startling Father so badly he dropped the earthen jug on his foot and spilled about a pint of rum.

"By holy dang," said Father. "What on earth bit you?"

Then, as the *Lily* heeled over in the wind, he dashed up the ladder and straightened the sloop out. He glared at me fiercely and then, seeing me whimpering from my bruised knees and bumped head, he began to laugh.

"Where're my red-top boots?" I blubbered. But I knew without asking. The boom had a scant foot clearance and it had swept my boots into the lake where I also might have landed had I not dived so quickly down the hatch.

"Ought to thrash you for carelessness," said Father. "Ought to thrash you for losing your boots."

I began to cry in earnest.

"Calculate you gave yourself a pretty good thrashing tumbling down in the cabin, though. Saves me the trouble. By gol, you'll have to wait a long time before you get another pair of boots like that. See I can't trust you. Go on forward."

So I went forward in disgrace and lay down in the sunshine and cried. Pretty soon I realized I had been forgiven, however, and dried my tears. Father was booming out a song, rather incongruous for him, in his powerful but not very tuneful voice.

Down on the canebrakes every day I go,
Take my bath in the lake below;
If I chance to meet a drunkard,
Oh, so pale and thin:
Well, how do you do, sir,
Won't you pray walk in?

When we got to Canandaigua and Father had disposed of his cargo he took me to Richmond's oyster saloon on Main Street, a dimly lighted place with dark brown wainscoting running higher than a tall man's head and with sawdust on the floor.

On the wall was a brightly colored lithograph of Belle Cameron in tights. There was another lithograph of John C. Heenan, the American boxing champion, stripped to the waist and extending his formidable fists. And next to Heenan was a very spirited picture of the trotter, Flora Temple, stretching her trim legs while her driver's whiskers flowed dashingly over both shoulders. Printed beneath this picture was the inscription, "Flora Temple, world's trotting record 2:24½."

Father and I sat on stools at the counter and the waiter, who was bald-headed and wore an enormous, drooping mustache, came up and rested his fat white hands in front of us.

"Hello, McWalrus," said Father.

"Hello, McInjun," said the waiter. "What'll it be?"

"I think," said Father, "a couple of bowls of raw oysters'd be grateful to our innards. What say, Clint?"

"Yes, sir," I said.

So the waiter brought us two large bowls of raw oysters and Father showed me how to drench them with vinegar and to sprinkle them with black pepper and salt. We made a meal, and a very good meal it seemed, of the oysters and bread. Then Father paid the waiter two shillings and we sauntered up the street.

I was proud of Father that day as we walked up the board sidewalk. I noted how much handsomer and more dashing he was than the townsmen. He was taller than any man we met. His sloping shoulders were broader and he walked with the spring of a foot racer.

Most of the other men wore narrow-brimmed hats with high crowns, but Father's hat was black and broad-brimmed and rakish with a low, flat crown and on this day he was wearing a mottled grouse feather stuck in the band. His wampus jacket was open at his swelling chest as was his blue flannel shirt,

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and around his bronzed neck was knotted a scarlet kerchief. His gold earrings set off the picture.

Presently we turned a corner into Coach Street and came to a barroom. "Believe," said Father, "I could do with a blackstrap."

We went through the swinging doors into the barroom which, like the oyster saloon, had sawdust on the floor.

"Blackstrap," said Father.

The bartender looked inquiringly at me. "Make him one with milk?" he asked.

"Fine and dandy," said Father.

So the bartender shook up a concoction of molasses and rum for Father and a concoction of molasses and milk for me. Father tossed off his drink, smacked his lips and looked at me. I was struggling with my beaker manfully. It had a strong, disagreeable taste, but I assumed it would make me grow.

"How much?" asked Father of the bartender.

"His is on the house."

"Fine and dandy." Father laid a couple of two-cent coppers on the bar. "Shake me up another."

I wriggled my bare toes in the cool sawdust and thought of my red-topped boots at the bottom of Canandaigua Lake. I wondered if fish made nests and if so if they would utilize my fine boots. That brought up memory of a poem I had to learn in school the winter before. The poem was about some birds that used a silver dish for a nest and about the little birdlings that grew up in it. I sipped on my blackstrap and tried to remember how the poem went. There didn't seem to be much sense in learning poems if one forgot them right away.

Father was listening to three men talking at the bar. He finished his second drink and laid down four cents. "Shake me up another, will you, neighbor?" he said to the bartender.

Two of the men at the bar were wearing long-tailed black coats and dun-colored high beaver hats. The third wore a wampus like Father's and a high-crowned felt hat.

I remembered part of the poem. It went:

And do you suppose that they arose
To higher powers possessed,
Because they knew they lived and grew
Within a silver nest?

That was the end of the poem. I couldn't remember what went before, except in a general way.

Father now was talking to the three men, but he wasn't agreeing with them.

"Excuse me, mister," he said, "but I don't admit any such thing. I say no government's got a right to take a man's property away from him without paying him for it. And it don't make any difference whether his property is farm land or horses or niggers. That's what I say."

"A human being can't be property," asserted one of the beaver-hat gentlemen.

"By grab, you'd think it was property damn well did you pay a thousand dollars for a darky," Father said.

The gentleman raised his thin-stemmed wineglass and sipped. "I never in the wide world," he said, "could conceive of a man paying money to buy another human being."

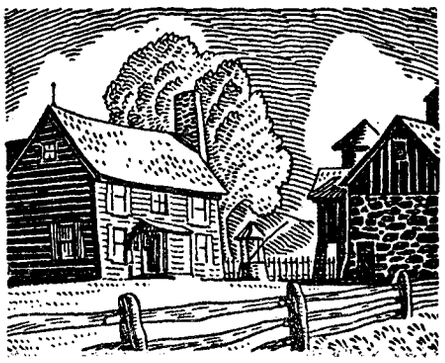
"I ain't saying slavery's right," said Father. "But I do say slavery hasn't been against the law, so you can't let slaves loose without paying the owners. The way you look at slaves depends on how you was brought up. Lots of things in this part of the country might look pretty bad to the folks down south. You say slavery ain't human. Well, I think it *is* human."

"In other words, you approve of slavery," sneered the beaver-hat gentleman.

"No such thing. I say it's human because humans treat each other worse than animals of the same breed treat each other. Never hear of a William Morgan murder amongst cows or horses, did you?"

The beaver-hat gentleman shrugged his shoulders. "My friend," he said haughtily, "you're talking nonsense now."

Father touched a Masonic emblem on the gentleman's lapel. "My talk," he said, "is damn nonsense to a Mason. Your talk would be damn nonsense to a Southerner, by grab."



Drawings on pages 12 and 13 by Edward Shenton, for "Nebraska Coast"

"We were discussing slavery. Might I ask have you read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'?"

Father laid four cents on the bar. "Shake me up another blackstrap, will you, neighbor? No, I haven't read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' I'm a busy man without time for reading storybooks. But from what I've heard I calculate it's wrote by a chickenhearted woman who's hell-bent to stir up some trouble."

"Trouble *should* be stirred up," proclaimed Beaver Hat, stamping his cane in the sawdust. "Trouble should be stirred up and plenty of it. These Southern Bourbons are getting altogether too high and mighty. The government should pass a law freeing every slave in America and then send an army down there to enforce the law."

Father grinned dangerously. "They should ought to pass a law," he said, "shutting up the big mouths of lunatics like you."

"What do you mean, sir!" demanded Beaver Hat, stepping forward and jutting out his chin at Father.

"I mean, mister, that loose-mouths like yours are talking sluff talk and trying to stir up a civil war between the North and South."

"Nothing of the kind."

"I mean, mister, if they'd take a dozen selected loose-mouths down south and hang 'em high and dry, and if they'd take a dozen selected loose-mouths up here and hang 'em high and dry, it'd be a fine example for the rest of you loose-mouths and then there wouldn't be any trouble."

Beaver Hat's face flushed. "That's an insult, you galoot," he cried.

"Didn't mean to compliment you much," said Father, taking another draw at his blackstrap. "Might be a good thing to hang that 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' woman too."

"Why, you—" Beaver Hat raised his heavy cane. "I've a good mind to crack your crown, you impudent—"

Father didn't seem to move fast. But all at once his right hand had hold of the breast of Beaver Hat's frock coat. As his hand lifted slowly, the slack of the frock coat wrinkled oddly. However, when Father's hand had lifted to the level of Beaver Hat's curly whiskers, the slack was all taken up and the coat held tight at the armpits. Then Beaver Hat, with an astonished expression on his pink face, came up in the air with his polished boots six inches off the sawdust.

With his left hand Father wrenched away the cane and tossed it clattering to a corner. Then he spoke softly into the face of Beaver Hat. "Don't make threats at me, fellow," he said. "I don't take kindly to threats. I'm all for peace and harmony, mister, and I aim to have peace and harmony even if I got to fight for it." Then he sat Beaver Hat down in a chair with a loud plop and turned to me. "Come on, bub," he said. "We got things to do up the street."

No one said a word as Father and I walked from the barroom. I looked back from the door and Beaver Hat was still in the chair, staring at Father's back.

We then walked up the street to a store where a big black boot hung over the sidewalk.

"Remember me?" Father asked the clerk.

"Why, yes. Yes, indeed."

"Well, last week I bought a pair of red-top boots for the cub here."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, we want another pair just like 'em."

"Yes, sir. Yes, indeed."

And presently Father and I were striding down toward the lake and I was wearing another pair of new red-topped boots. I couldn't find words to thank Father.

"It's all right," he said. "Now you don't have to tell your mother about losing the others. She wouldn't like you steering the boat in the first place. Say no more about it."

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## John Dos Passos

(*Continued from page 4*)

Passos is chiefly interested in the sensuous aspects of Spain. The second travel book, "Orient Express," is that of a man whose sympathies are constantly broadening. "In All Countries" (which includes the magnificent tributes to Sacco and Vanzetti) brings us abreast of the contemporary Dos Passos. Excerpts from the three travel books are combined with new material on Spain to make up "Journeys between Wars," published last year.

The travel books are filled with testimony to Dos Passos's love for the "little people." Back in 1919 he was writing of Spanish Anarcho-Syndicalists who abhor governments and talk of developing the "Machine" "slowly for our benefit." In his "Russian Visa" chapters of "In All Countries," written in 1928, Dos Passos is of two minds about communism; he likes what it has done for the young, yet fears, even then, the huge, concentrated State power of the Kremlin. "Zapata's Ghost Walks" (see "In All Countries" or "Journeys between Wars") is an infinitely tender memorial to a natural radical who loved, not power, but the landless Indians of the State of Morelos in Mexico. And the lyric biographies of Sacco and Vanzetti, which are unfortunately omitted from "Journeys between Wars," continue the theme. Of Vanzetti, Dos Passos wrote in 1926: "His anarchism . . . is less a matter of labels than of feeling, of gentle philosophic brooding. He shares the hope that has grown up in Latin countries of the Mediterranean basin that somehow men's predatory instincts, incarnate in the capitalist system, can be canalized into other channels, leaving free communities of artisans and farmers and fishermen and cattle breeders who would work for their livelihood with pleasure, because the work was itself enjoyable in the serene white light of a reasonable world." For a time, Dos Passos hoped the Spanish revolution would go in the direction of the Anarcho-Syndicalist ideal. But in May, 1937, we find him writing: "How can they win . . . how can the new world full of confusion and cross-purposes and illusion . . . win against the iron combination of men accustomed to run things who have only one idea binding them together, to hold on to what they've got?"

Nevertheless, although Dos Passos has been disillusioned about Spain and Europe in general (including the Soviet Union), he clings to his hopes for a world in America similar to that portrayed in the biography of Vanzetti. The novels, from "Manhattan Transfer" to the trilogy of "U.S.A.," have all been informed with a hatred of "the iron combination of men accustomed to run things. . . ." (So, too, with Dos Passos's plays, "The Garbage Man" and "Airways, Inc.") When "Manhattan Transfer" was published (in 1925, before the Coolidge boom really hit its stride) it was hailed as "James Joyce made interesting," a "Ulysses" written for New York in vigorous, fast-moving Americanese. Like Hemingway and Sherwood Anderson, Dos Passos was intent on expressing his country and his time in a distilled colloquialism, a literary language fashioned out of the common speech. Jimmy Herf, the newspaperman who leaves New York to go on the bum at the close of "Manhattan Transfer," is a symbolic representation of Dos Passos himself, entranced by the complexity and color of American life but disgusted with the emphasis that is placed on money-getting, especially as practised on Manhattan Island. (How routine this criticism of America sounds in 1939!) When young U. S. critics were feeling their first flush of social consciousness back in 1930, it was the fashion to criticize Dos Passos-Herf as "escapist" for not expressing his discontent by Joining a Party or signing a manifesto in favor of the Russian Experiment. But it is a little hard to see what alternative to "escape" existed for an average newspaperman back in the middle twenties. Novels, after all, are supposed to approximate the movements of life, and in 1925 disillusioned reporters did not become conscious social rebels; they became skeptics and ironists, or they took to drink. There was not even a Newspaper Guild in those days to join.

The trilogy "U.S.A." is an attempt to write a bifocal novel, with Society itself as the hero. Through one set of lenses Dos Passos looks closely at twenty or thirty individuals as they move through thirty years of American history; through another set of lenses he scrutinizes the broad social forces that limit and condition the lives of these individuals. The trick (and it is a trick) is worked by mingling the behavioristic studies of ordinary individuals with brief, Whitmanesque biographies of the American Great (Gene Debs, Luther Burbank, Big Bill Haywood, Edison, Carnegie, Steinmetz, Old Bob La Follette, "Meester Veelson," Randolph Bourne, and so on). Then there are the fragmentary Newsreel sections, consisting of bits skillfully excerpted from newspaper headlines and popular songs. The Camera-Eye paragraphs, which indicate the author's own position in the space and time he is writing about, are bewildering on first acquaintance, but as soon as one has a few facts about Dos Passos's own past to go by, they fall into place easily. Dos Passos has been criticized for the "Artificiality" of his devices, but it is difficult to see how he could have written a "Vanity Fair" for a country three thousand miles wide, or a "radical history" of his times, in any other way. In any event, the Dos Passos technical innovations are no more "artificial" than the Victorian trick of spattering novels with independent essay material.

Paul Elmer More once called "Manhattan Transfer" an "explosion in a sewer," and to the superficial reader "U.S.A." might suggest just that. Actually, however, "U.S.A." is freighted with social, economic, and moralistic meaning. There is, first of all, the general criticism of our times for being shallow and rootless: the characters of "U.S.A." live not in relation to codes or values, but in relation to the headlines. Family life is conspicuously absent from the trilogy; human relationships are something to be snatched between wanderings on various missions. In becoming all eyes and ears, victims of the suggestibility of the radio, the newspaper, and the moving picture, mankind has lost its heart.

The second lesson of "U.S.A." is politico-economic. As Malcolm Cowley has pointed out, the characters of "The 42nd Parallel" have feelings of "hope and restlessness and let's-take-a-chance." But in "Nineteen Nineteen" the U. S. is transformed into a monopoly-capitalist nation, and the opportunities for the individual begin to dry up. "The Big Money" ends with a prose-poem to "Vag," an unidentified young man standing by the roadside while overhead flies a plane on its way to the Pacific Coast. The "haves" are traveling *de luxe;* the "have-nots" are compelled to hitchhike or to go by jalopy. There is, as Mr. Cowley says, no longer any concourse between them. (Or, rather, there wasn't until the New Deal stepped in to destroy some of the meaning of the Dos Passos trilogy by softening the conflicts which "U.S.A." has been dramatizing.)

Intertwined with the politico-economic lesson of "U.S.A." is a lesson that is implicit in the contrast between the "little people" of the fictional sections and the subjects of the Whitmanesque biographies: Veblen, Steinmetz, Edison, and the rest. Steinmetz and Edison were purposeful people, while Dos Passos's fictional characters are fatalistic and will-less. Both J. Donald Adams and Burton Rascoe have suggested that the contrast points to a deficiency in Dos Passos: "U.S.A.," so these critics argue, concentrates on one phase of American life and seeks to substitute it by implication for the whole. There is doubtless some truth in what Rascoe and Adams say. Yet it is easy to read far-sighted calculation into Dos Passos's juxtaposition of the will-less common man and the dedicated Great. Isn't the author trying to tell us, without becoming didactic and destroying himself as a novelist, that the "little man" is damned because something (call it "Fate," call it the "System," call it what you will) comes between him and opportunity to use the products of the brains of the Great?

Judging Dos Passos in terms of his intentions, there is only one flaw, as I see it, in "U.S.A.," and that is in the symbolic weight attached to Charley Anderson, the inventor who loses the products of his ingenuity to predatory financiers. Charley, the drunkard, is made the per-

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sonal goat of the "price system" which the mordant Veblen has anatomized. Yet Charley clearly has only himself to blame. In making Charley do double duty as a symbol Dos Passos slips as an observer of American life, for technicians are, as a class, an abstemious, dedicated lot, given to concentration on the job at hand. I have met a number of them while doing corporation stories for *Fortune* Magazine, and none of them suggests Charley Anderson. But Dos Passos, in his latest novel, "Adventures of a Young Man," suggests that he at last understands the job-enthralled human being; the character of the agricultural experimentalist, Paul Graves, subsidiary though it is, is an augury for the future. A much less negative Dos Passos is evidently in the making.

"Adventures of a Young Man" is a satire on the American radical movement, particularly as it has come under the sway of the communists. As satire, the book is going to set a good many teeth to gnashing in the Leagues-for-This-and-That. Yet it is a reasonably good story, and a true one: American radicals have been too prone in recent years to gloss over abuses of power by Their Side. U. S. "proletarian" fiction has consisted recently of strike novels in which there is no Leftist self-criticism and only a minimum of moral conflict. The Greeks would not have known these novels for tragedy, for they are stories in which the protagonists have already made up their minds. The conflict in the average strike novel is wholly externalized, with the details of picketing, fighting, and sloganeering substituted for psychological turmoil. But in "Adventures of a Young Man" the soul of Glenn Spotswood, the communist organizer who is finally read out of the Party, is in itself the battlefield. A mighty fight rages throughout the book on this battlefield. And in reporting the private war of Glenn Spotswood, Dos Passos investigates all phases of the old dilemma: how to keep the political struggle for power from conquering or corrupting the humanity to which all reformers and revolutionists should aspire. Dos Passos doesn't know how to solve the dilemma: he is reduced to portraying the State as he portrayed it years ago, as something inherently vicious unless checked by "limited" government. Back in 1920 he caused Martin Howe, the hero of his "One Man's Initiation," to cry anathema on "this cant of governments!" And when Glenn Spotswood sees what is happening in Spain, where the Loyalists become afflicted with spy-fever, Dos Passos cries out against the "cant of governments" again.

Does this mean that Dos Passos has abandoned the struggle for a better world? Communists (specifically, the communists of the Stalin persuasion) will say that Dos Passos is a renegade and a sell-out, a "Trotskyist" like his hero, Glenn Spotswood. But in Glenn's boyhood friend, Paul Graves, we find a clue, I think, to the workings of Dos Passos's mind. Paul Graves is the undoctrinaire "man of good will," a humorous fellow who gets on with what he has to do and exploits nobody. Paul's job is the important one of discovering how to make soil yield a more intensive abundance. And in Paul's kind lies the hope of the world. Possibly Dos Passos perceives that; if so, "Adventures of a Young Man" is a "Farewell and Hail" and not, as will be said in many circles, a "Hail and Farewell."

## Economics, 1939

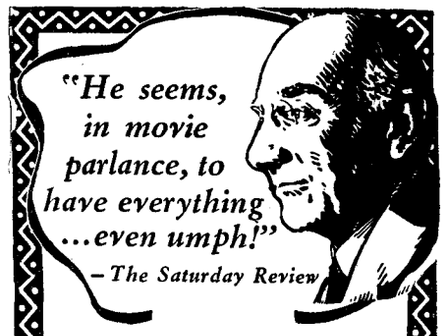
*THE ILLUSION OF ECONOMIC STABILITY. By Eli Ginzberg. New York: Harper & Brothers.* 1939. $3.

Reviewed by ARTHUR FEILER

A SAUL set out and a Paul came back. Dr. Ginzberg started to study the attempts at business stabilization, the efforts of individual concerns to stabilize employment, the doctrine of high wages, and the post-war hope in a lasting prosperity. But these very studies led him to an unforeseen conclusion. While searching for stability, he ended by writing about its illusiveness.

This is the impressive story of a sincere, scholarly undertaking. The result is the exciting description of America's economic development since the Civil War and, mainly, since the end of the World War; the expansion and the optimism deduced from it, culminating in the New Era, up to the crash of 1929, the New Deal, and the "Death of the Illusion." The author is not in the first line interested in drawing a sharp theoretical analysis of these developments; even the deep changes of international economic relations by the war and America's part in them are dealt with only in an appendix. Instead, his book, brilliantly written, is filled with a great amount of interesting detail, illustrating the facts and the underlying opinions and expectations, the hopes and fears of the business world.

Only one chapter is missing in this book, namely a final chapter indicating the author's positive opinion on what should be done. For disillusioned as he is, he does not preach apathy in the face of instability: "The economic fluctuations of the last decades can largely be explained by the interaction of technological, psychological, and monetary factors. . . . Unless these several factors are subject to control, economic stability must remain an illusion. Since complete control appears neither imminent nor potential, belief in economic stability must be scrapped. Yet cynicism need not replace faith. Partial controls can accomplish much." Indeed, it would be cynicism to confine oneself to asserting the illusion of stability when idle men and idle capital on the one hand and unsatisfied needs of the masses of the people on the other are commanding action.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# Reporter's Story

*I FOUND OUT. By Nat Ferber. New York: The Dial Press.* 1939. $3.

Reviewed by JOSEPH F. DINNEEN

NAT FERBER was a Hearst crusader, assigned as often to create news as to report it, and although his autobiography contains a few more counts in the general criticism of Hearst, some mild and some important, it seems to me that he has written his eighth book a bit too hastily with the pressure of a deadline upon him. I think he could have written a much better autobiography if he had only taken his time and discussed more fully the persons he interviewed and the things he had seen.

> Clemenceau invariably pointed out to me that he once taught school in New York. . . . As often as I interviewed Sarah Bernhardt, she reiterated "Camille she suffers, but not Bernhardt." . . . Jane Addams and I had a running friendly squabble born of my jocular insistence that she transfer her work to New York City. . . . I stood within a foot or two of Mrs. Hylan when the royalties from Belgium were received at City Hall and must confess that I did not hear the mayor's wife make the crack which has since been heard around the world, "You said a mouthful, Queen!"

Casual references like these sprout like weeds throughout the entire book, without any further explanation, description, or elucidation, and of the hundreds of persons mentioned in page after page the reader is left with curiosity unsatisfied. Where did he meet these people, under what circumstances, and what, as a journalist, did he think of them?

Things happen too suddenly and without preparation in this biography, and it seems to me that Ferber painted a picture that he did not intend to paint. During the World War, for instance, he seems to have made an investigation of a coal shortage in New York. He says such a coal shortage existed, and you'll have to take his word for it. There is no proof of it in the book. Through Hearst's Washington correspondent, Ferber arranged an interview with Woodrow Wilson. He walked into Wilson's office with blueprints and charts and, to quote Ferber: "I set to work like a sidewalk medicine man. With the wave of a magician yanking a rabbit from a top hat I rolled my blueprints on his desk."

Ferber reports the interview that followed in less than one hundred words. Apparently it ended when Wilson said: "What do you know about the coal business?" and arose to bid him good morning. Here Ferber naively explains that all he knew about the coal business he learned by studying the tables and blueprint. This was not intended to be funny. It is the serious report of a Hearst reporter talking to the President of a country at war about a coal shortage, whether real or imagined.

Ferber yearns with nostalgic twinges for the good old days of American journalism when an exposé or a narcotic racket or organized crippled begging would lead Page 1 on all New York papers. As I read it, I couldn't help feeling thankful that those days in American journalism are gone forever; and yet some of these pages I read in sheer amazement, because I could not bring myself to believe that some of Ferber's revelations are really intentional. Nat Ferber had a chance to do a great job here, but I'm afraid he missed the boat. I hope he makes it next time.

*Joseph F. Dinneen, a Boston newspaper man, is the author of a novel, "Ward 8," and of a recent life of Pope Pius XII.*

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# American Opinion or British Propaganda?

*PROPAGANDA FOR WAR: The Campaign against American Neutrality, 1914-1917. By H. C. Peterson. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press.* 1939. $3.

Reviewed by RAYMOND J. SONTAG

MR. PETERSON'S book, one may suspect, completes a cycle in historical writing. Disregarding earlier fragmentary studies, the cycle began a decade ago with C. Hartley Grattan's excellent "Why We Fought," and perhaps reached the high point with Walter Millis's "Road to War," although there is little perceptible decline in later works such as Charles C. Tansill's "America Goes to War." Mr. Peterson supplements the materials at the disposal of earlier writers. In particular, he gives many valuable quotations from the American Press Résumé of the British war-time propaganda office. On the whole, however, the plot unfolded in these pages has become slightly stereotyped, and there is a good chance that events of 1939 will shift our perspective on the years from 1914 to 1917.

The plot may be summarized as follows: it is impossible for a country to be unneutral and keep out of war; the United States government was unneutral from 1914 to 1917; British propaganda was the most important cause of American lack of neutrality; therefore, British propaganda was the most important cause of American entrance into the war. Now, the first link in this chain of reasoning is obviously weak. Britain was unneutral during our Civil War; neither Germany nor Britain was really neutral during the Russo-Japanese War—it is difficult to find examples of real neutrality during the wars recorded in history. The second link is much the strongest. Granted that our government and most of the articulate elements in American society were unneutral, how is that fact to be explained? British propaganda was copious, well financed, and well organized; Mr. Peterson makes that fact abundantly clear. He does not, however, prove his contention that the American attitude of mind was "the product of British propaganda." He shows that both the Allies and the Central Powers were responsible for the war; but that American opinion, like the British propagandists, held Germany responsible. He shows that the war was "a natural concomitant of the political transition caused by Germany's rise to power"; but that American opinion, again like the British propagandists, interpreted it as a struggle between the forces of light and the forces of darkness. At one point after another he is able to show the agreement between what Americans thought and what the British wanted them to think.

Until a year or so ago, those who agree

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with Mr. Peterson that America was the victim of a "confidence game" had the field pretty much to themselves. Today, however, the forces of light and the forces of darkness are again at war. Again, there is British propaganda. Again, a large part of articulate American opinion is saying what the British propagandists are saying. There is just as much, or just as little, cause and effect relation between British propaganda and American opinion in 1939 as there was in 1917; the issues are the same, whether expressed in terms of idealism or power politics. Then as now, idealism concealed the cold calculation that American interests would be jeopardized by a German victory.

*Raymond J. Sontag is head of the department of history at Princeton University.*

# Nutmeg State

*CONNECTICUT: PAST AND PRESENT. By Odell Shepard. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.* 1939. $3.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

PROFESSOR ODELL SHEPARD, favorably known for his Pulitzer biography of Bronson Alcott and his excellent edition of Alcott's Journals, is also an essayist of distinction, and a lover of his state who is able to apply both grace and style and easy erudition to his subject. His book on Connecticut is the best of the series that has been appearing on that state, fruits presumably of its recent tercentenary.

The reader who expects a formal history or formal guide book will be disappointed. That is not Professor Shepard's method. He proceeds by a series of essays on stones in the field, on Connecticut wits, on little republics, on the Indians, on the lie of the land, very informal and written with leisure and charm. As the reader proceeds, however, he discovers that the author has all the available facts at his finger ends, and has done much shrewd historical thinking. He demolishes the legend of the pure democracy of early Connecticut and substitutes for it a Connecticut politically experienced, which is more concrete and equally important. In no other book is the curious social and political structure of Connecticut, which was determined both by the nature of its immigrants and the lie of the land, so well analyzed and described. If there is no chronological history of the state in this book, there is more essential history than in many much more pretentious volumes. Indeed, unlike the many publications that have been appearing, it is definitely a book for people to read who want to understand Connecticut, as well as a book for dwellers in that interesting state. Perhaps it rambles too much; but so do the back roads of Connecticut, and so seems to ramble the shrewd and reflective Connecticut mind.

# Speaking for America

*CORN. By Paul Engle. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co.* 1939. $2.

Reviewed by SELDEN RODMAN

DIVIDING contemporary poetry between the heirs of Baudelaire and those of Whitman, we must admit that the broader tradition has been the more barren. With the possible exception of Carl Sandburg, no voice has been big enough to speak for the whole country. Jeffers might have done it, but the voice that refused to take the evil with the good was lost in the Pacific Ocean. Mr. Engle's "American Song" (1934) was one of many attempts to recapture the continent. The critics were on their toes, but they picked Paul Engle before he was ripe.

He had written "Now it is time . . . for this country to twist a lariat of us and throw it over the ocean-to-ocean-flinging land." Two years later, after a siesta in Oxford and a grand tour of the Continent, he addressed America again in the indignant "Break the Heart's Anger":

> Because you thought you had a date with a dame
> Called Easy Money, for a thousand years,
> You took the immeasurable cloth of time
> And used it for a rag to shine your shoes.

In his third book Paul Engle has settled down and is taking stock. He pays his respects to England's "Great cities of ghosts, larger than the living." He says good-by to the totalitarian utopias. No longer interested in "the hopelessness of hope," but preferring Iowa where "The dead are so few and the alive so many," he seeks "not wisdom but a human sympathy." "Too long," he says, "I went with a great urge and shouting into life." For the first time there is an indication of concern with craft, approach to style. "March" and "Windy Night" are not only the best poems Paul Engle has written, they are the first completely successful ones. And, significantly, they are the shortest.

Which is not to say that Engle has mastered his medium. The very opening poem is a hopeless tangle of stylistic influences. "Give us the taste of our life here for the cold/Ache in our guts and the groan of our tongue telling" is perilously close to MacLeish's "Even the voice of the English has gone dry/And hard on the tongue and alive in the throat speaking." And MacNeice's "The gun-butt raps upon the door" is not improved by "the black gun-butt beating on the door." Trite images, "the rat trap of false hope," "the bullet's lust," have not been scoured away.

But for all that, "Corn" is a better book than its author's first two. Less pretentious, more honest, quieter, it quickens our hope that the Whitman tradition may still give the Wallace Stevenses and Delmore Schwartzes competition.


**WOMEN UNDER FASCISM**

In Germany and Italy women are in a position of medieval slavery—according to Sylvia Pankhurst in a masterly article in the June LIVING AGE. Quoting Fascist and Nazi official statements and describing new laws against the freedom and rights of women, Miss Pankhurst presents a terrifying picture of the fate of a young girl in a totalitarian state.

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# The New Books

## Fiction

*THE ROAD BEYOND. By Harriet T. Comstock. Doubleday, Doran.* 1939. $2.

The conflict between the generations seems to be as old as the generations themselves, and the novelist's interest in that conflict is no new thing to fiction. Harriet Comstock uses it for the basis of her latest novel, working out her solution through the intimate and eventful story with a setting in an American clergyman's family. The father is a handsome and successful minister in a small town, revered by his congregation and almost worshipped by his women parishioners: but in the home he is selfish and domineering and completely unsympathetic towards the hopes and plans of his children. The revolt of the oldest daughter and her escape to New York to work out her own life forms the central thread of the novel, but loses much of its effectiveness because her flight to freedom was made possible by outside means. This duality of intention on the part of the author in constantly trying to show individual development but resorting in almost every instance to forces outside the individual to bring about a solution, robs the work of any real significance. Mrs. Comstock writes of her characters with affection but they, like spoiled children, seem to be in need of more discipline and less pampering. G. G.

*FAMILY CIRCLE. By Muriel Hine. Appleton-Century.* 1939. $2.

Muriel Hine has written her novel of Victorian family life without any ironic side glances from the present to confuse the straightforward flow of the narrative. As a result we have the daily life of the Hentys much as it must actually have been, with a good deal of the charm of the period but not without some of its dullness. George Henty is an architect who lacks the force of character to shake free of his father's influence either in business or way of life. His weakness is largely compensated for by the strength of his wife, who succeeds in managing without ever letting the fact be known. Through the ups and downs of fortune, the conflicts of personalities, and the general tenor of the times, it is the figure of the wife that most stands out. In the days before women's rights, when a woman with brains and character was a little suspect, Mrs. George Henty guided her family and sustained her husband without ever losing her appearance of appropriate submissiveness. "Family Circle" is not an exciting novel by any means, but it is a pleasant one if you are interested in the milder problems of an earlier day.

G. B.

## History

*THE PROCESS OF REVOLUTION. By George Sawyer Pettee. Harpers.* $2.25.

At first sight, this seems to be another scholarly monograph, properly footnoted and otherwise implemented with the apparatus of scholarship. Mr. Pettee, however, has none of the timidity, none of the innocent faith in "facts," none of the unwillingness to generalize, that we are told is the curse of the academic social scientist. His study is one of the most interesting and most readable books in an increasing literature on the comparative study of revolutions. He is concerned chiefly with what he calls the "great revolutions," those of France and Russia, though now and then he brings in an instance from Spain, or turns back into older history. Fascism he dismisses, we suspect a little optimistically, as a "minor revolution," a mere public *coup d'état*. Mr. Pettee has a resolutely modern temper: he is not to be shocked by the excesses of revolutionaries, not to be betrayed into accepting myths and slogans from any source, but is courageously determined to help build a political science on which can be built a better world. Revolutionists, he concludes, belong to the saving minority who preserve

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|---|---|---|---|
| OVERTURE TO DEATH<br>*Ngaio Marsh*<br>(Furman: $2.) | Pom! *Pom!* POM!! went Rachmaninoff prelude, and acidulous English spinster executant toppled off piano stool dead. Insp. Roderick Alleyn elucidates. | Identity of killer not very deep secret. Otherwise superbly wrought and cleverly contrived yarn with interesting psychological overtones. | Unexcelled |
| CANCELLED IN RED<br>*Hugh Pentecost*<br>(Dodd, Mead: $2.) | Crooked N. Y. stamp dealer slain in office. Larry Storm, also professional philatelist, helps mild-mannered Insp. Bradley untwist knotty problem. | Guiles and wiles of stamp-collecting and bartering fraternity furnishes swell background for swiftly moving, humorous, and keenly deduced yarn. | Among the best |
| DEATH IN FANCY DRESS<br>*Jefferson Farjeon*<br>(Bobbs-Merrill: $2.) | Assorted masqueraders at London Chelsea Arts Ball get dramatically mixed up in murder, international intrigue, and romance. | Taken separately, the stories of various merry-makers are interesting. Lumped together, they don't make too much sense. | Foggy |
| CALLING ALL SUSPECTS<br>*Carolyn Wells*<br>(Lippincott: $2.) | Night-club shooting of socialite involves his wife, a magician, *his* wife (later poisoned), tribe of Dyaks, and Fleming Stone. | Besides its astounding ingenuousness best feature of yarn is explanation of standard feats of magic. The murderer doesn't matter. | Pumice |

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social values. In a brief but ambitious conclusion he holds—or perhaps only hopes—that as we come to understand revolutions we may come to avoid them.

Against a kind of over-confidence and a desire for omniscience which may well be virtues, but to a more skeptical temperament look like vices, there may be set down many and striking virtues in Mr. Pettee's book. His analysis of pre-revolutionary society is excellent, especially for the useful conception of "cramp," which he finds less deceptive than more value-charged words men have used to explain revolutionary stirrings and discontents. He has gone to a great variety of sources, has consulted Trotsky, Pareto, Sorokin, Irving Babbitt, and even some orthodox historians. He has united a great deal of complex data under what he calls the "crisis" of revolution, and especially on the role of fatigue in the latter stages of revolutions.

More disputable is Mr. Pettee's insistence that at the crisis what he calls "the state" is actually dissolved. This last is but one example of many that crop up throughout the book, and which indicate Mr. Pettee's training in a specific discipline, "political science." It is good to hear again on this subject the familiar language that began with Plato and Aristotle; about revolutions we have perhaps heard too much recently in the less graceful language that began, but unfortunately did not end, with Hegel and Comte. C. B.

## International

*EUROPE IN THE FOURTH DIMENSION. By V. Poliakoff (Augur). Appleton-Century.* 1939. $1.25.

Of all the many books on European affairs published during recent months, this is without doubt the most disappointing. Mr. Poliakoff, Russian-born correspondent for British and American newspapers, has a high reputation for intimate knowledge of international politics, even though his dispatches often appear prejudiced and unreliable. This small volume not only adds nothing to our knowledge of European diplomacy, but provides little insight into the "fourth dimension" of the spiritual factor, which Mr. Poliakoff believes should be added to geography, politics, and economics in every discussion of the modern world. The author introduces this spiritual factor entirely in white and black, Britain and France representing the democracies that are upholding the "Dominion of the White Race," and "Germany the Great Aggressor" representing the enemy of mankind. There is no comprehensive statement of the ideological conflict, as F. A. Voigt provides in his "Unto Caesar," and no understanding treatment to the effect of economic paralysis upon European culture, as Peter Drucker presents in his "The End of Economic Man." Mr. Poliakoff attempts quite unsuccessfully to clarify the European problem by use of curious maps—copyrighted for some reason—which place north at the left or bottom of the page. In fine, this remarkably superficial, incomplete, and flimsy volume represents a disappointing performance for a reputable London journalist. J. F. G.

*THE RISE OF ANGLO-AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP. A Study in World Politics, 1898-1906. By Lionel M. Gelber. Oxford University Press.* $3.75.

In less than half a century American opinion of Great Britain has changed from general fear and distrust to widespread admiration and sympathy. Between extremes of Anglophobia and Anglophilism, our public—as evidenced in recent polls, for example—has a more friendly feeling for Britain than for any other country, and our government collaborates closely with London in both European and Asiatic affairs. Mr. Gelber, a Canadian Rhodes Scholar, shows how quickly and completely this change of sentiment occurred, largely concomitant with our achievement of world power after the Spanish-American War. Based upon primary sources and well constructed, his volume is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of diplomatic events at the turn of the century. It not only indicates clearly the interrelationship of power politics in the Far East, Caribbean, Europe, and the Mediterranean, but it presents in detail the far-reaching influence of the United States under the energetic leadership of Theodore Roosevelt. The American reader will probably question Mr. Gelber's general assumption that Anglo-American coöperation was both necessary and desirable at that time, and will certainly take a more critical view of Rooseveltian diplomacy. This very careful study of many complex and obscure issues only serves to remind us, although it was not Mr. Gelber's intention to do so, that our annexation of the Philippines was an irreparable mistake, involving us in the imperial rivalries of European powers and placing us uncomfortably in the area of Japanese predominance. J. F. G.

## Miscellaneous

*DANCE AND DRAMA IN BALI. By Beryl de Zoete and Walter Spies. Harpers.* 1939. $7.50.

Bali, the tiny island off the coast of Java, has not, for all its tourists, been utterly despoiled of its culture and character. This book is a magnificent record of the highest esthetic achievements of the Balinese people, the theater and the dance. Originally pure "Javanese" in form, probably, the dances and legends absorbed substance from Hindu folk-lore, and again from Moslem lore. Yet for all that, they remain a "special case" culturally. Though the Balinese dance (or better, dance-theater) assumes highly classical dimensions, it appears to be a living and growing organism. For the people of Bali it is the highest form of religious expression. It is full of history and make-believe, it reflects an attitude toward the natural and the supernatural which is serious and searching, and it recognizes ridiculous incongruities and contradictions in life which call for unrestrained amusement.

"Dance and Drama in Bali," in addition to being a sensitive appreciation of the dance, is a factual record of the ceremonies and plays. The hundred-odd photographs by Walter Spies are in themselves a most superb story of the people of the island. Every photograph seems to have caught a dance movement at its very apex. They could have come only from a most intimate and honest appreciation of Balinese values. H. C.

*WITH MALICE TOWARD ALL. By Irving D. Tressler. Stackpole.* 1939. $2.

Mr. Tressler has set himself to imitate Margaret Halsey by writing a travel diary about the quaint customs of aborigines. But whereas Miss Halsey was fortunate enough to be genuinely surprised at what she saw, Mr. Tressler is writing about his own country, and though he seems to be exploring the South for the first time, he cannot fail to be familiar with a great many things common to all sections of the United States. Thus to be funny in Miss Halsey's manner, he must either write really profound satire like that of Swift or Butler, or else close his eyes to the implications of what he sees.

The truth, we suspect, is that when

(*Continued on page* 21)

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# Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

BEN ABRAMSON, the kaloskagathos of South Dearborn Street, Chicago, has invented the perfect (imaginary) collector, Dibdin Grolier Rich, and is selling—or offering—selections from Mr. Rich's library. We suggest they should contain the Ex-Libris of D. G. R. ☞One of the most startling remarks seen in print lately was in a letter of Oscar Wilde's quoted in a catalogue of the American Art-Anderson Galleries. This was in one of a group of Wilde's letters describing his American tour, sold at auction May 22. ☞The most genial souvenir of All Time is an 8-page signature (prepared by The Typophiles) identical with pp. 5-12 of the *Book of Record* deposited in a cupaloy Time Capsule and buried 50 feet under the morass of Flushing Meadows (Whalenland). These pages give earnest and minute suggestions to the archaeologists of A. D. 6939 as to how the Capsule is to be located, raised, and opened. ☞Poor old Q., incorrigible prober of the improbable, wonders how they are going to read these until the Capsule *has* been located, raised, and opened. ☞It "should be raised gently with a sling. When it has been brought up out of the ground, let the finders beware, lest in their eagerness they spoil the contents by ill-considered moves." ☞That the Westinghouse zealots who prepared this memo were not mere optimists may be seen by their remark "By A. D. 6939, it is probable, all present-day landmarks, city surveys, and other such aids for locating such an object will have disappeared." ☞Looking backward for a moment, we sometimes get a twinge that "Mark Rutherford" is an author who should be checked up on. We find him listed now and then in catalogues—for instance the latest from Edgar H. Wells & Co., 602 Madison Avenue, offers a first of *The Revolution in Tanner's Lane* (1887) for $17.50. We bought a reprint of *Miriam's Schooling*, years ago, but did we ever read it? ☞But those unreasoned twinges of curiosity are the best part of bibliodisia. ☞The bookshop story we've been waiting for wouldn't come, so we invented it. The customer asks for "That novel about a pair of Twins"; and what she wants is *My Son, My Son.* ☞Speaking again of G. K. Chesterton's *Father Brown*, one of our private collections holds examples of horrendous boners committed by British authors attempting to write American. In *The Wisdom of Father Brown* is a gorgeous high-spot: a story in which Fr. Brown is acting as chaplain in a prison in Chicago. This tale ("The Mistake of the Machine") anticipates the Lie-Detector, it has a Chicago prison-chief talking rather like J. C. Squire, and a Chicago tabloid newspaper refers to hoodlums as "larrikins."

☞The University of Wisconsin Press publishes *Six New Letters of Thomas Paine*, reprinted from a Providence newspaper of 1782 and 1783. ☞Maybe they haven't been answered either. ☞In the case of our own correspondence, we are saving it to reread in extreme old age. ☞Those inquirers who occasionally ask, Where can the famous mammalian Ode by Waldo Peirce be found in print, may now apply to the Peter Pauper Press of Mount Vernon, N. Y., who have issued (1650 copies) *An Uncensored Anthology* including also Earl Emmons's notable ballad of Diamond Lil and other Pullman car madrigals.

☞The Society of the Friends of William Carlos Williams offers a prize of $500 which is *not* "to discover new authors" but to assist a worthy writer who has already published at least one book without conspicuous success. Information from Paul Leake, 75 East 80, N. Y. C.

☞Old Q is back at The Fantods for the summer; the end-of-May moon now troubling his gizzard makes him wonder about a vacation. ☞He has for many years set aside Sunday curfew for the compilation of his feeble memoranda on bibliophilia; their staccato or withers-wrung quality may perhaps be attributed to the peculiar psychosis of a solitary

*Robert M. Fraser*

**Joseph Henry Jackson**

eremite dipping into a laundry-basket of publishers' salmagundi while everyone else in the world is on frolic. ☞Against the screen door of his secluded cabin is a persistent bumping and buzzing: he does not know whether it is a deadly nightjar or an allocution from some publisher.

☞Herewith a mikespot of San Francisco's eminent bookman, Joseph Henry Jackson, who is now ruminating the eastern pastures. His weekly broadcast (Sundays at 5:30 P.M., E.D.T.) continues over NBC during his travels. Mr. Jackson's new book, *Tintypes in Gold: Four Studies in Robbery* is coming this month from Macmillan. We like the engaging quotation on the fly leaf, from Herbert Howe Bancroft: "There seems to be a prejudice in some quarters against the profession of highwaymen."

☞One of the Big Days of the summer will be August 4 at the Colorado Winters' Conference ("A Mile High in the Rocky Mountains"). On that date at 4 p.m. Douglas Bement will lecture on *How to Write in 1000 Easy Lessons*, and at 6 p.m. will be the Annual Steak Fry on Flagstaff Mountain. ☞Our old friend and colleague Edward Davison, whose photos show him plumper than he used to be, is director of the Colorado Conference. ☞The summer session in the University of Iowa's well-known Creative Writing program will be June 12-August 4. Two distinguished alumni of this program, Wallace Stegner and Paul Engle, will return this summer as teachers. One good friend who will be sadly missed is Edwin Ford Piper, who was for 35 years a teacher at the University of Iowa. His recent death at the too early age of 68 was widely felt. ☞It is now three months since Richard Halliburton, adventurous young author, sailed from Hong Kong in a Chinese junk. His last radio communication was on March 24, when his craft was sailing typhoon areas with her rail awash. Subsequent search by the U. S. Navy has had no result, and Halliburton's many friends in the Trade are deeply concerned. ☞Antoine de St. Exupéry's forthcoming novel *Wind, Sand and Stars* (Reynal & Hitchcock) has just been awarded the Grand Prix Roma of the French Academy.


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## The New Books

(*Continued from page* 19)

Mr. Tressler came to examine his subject, he didn't think it was so awfully funny. Mostly he was bored, so that the reader senses his strain rather than his mirth.

K. S.

*THE WORLD OF PLANT LIFE. By Clarence J. Hylander. Macmillan. 1939. $7.50.*

This expensive book, elaborately illustrated by photographs and drawings, is an attempt, which seems to the layman successful, to give a popular and easily understandable account of the plants and trees of the United States. It is evidently designed for those not trained in botany, and as an aid to the lovers of woods and fields who are balked again and again in their attempts to identify flower or shrub or tree by means of more technical manuals. But this is no mere popularization. Its usability depends, not upon oversimplification, but upon careful, untechnical, but scientific accounts of each growing thing. The pictures are good and really helpful.

H. S. C.

### Philosophy

*NATURALISM. By James Bissett Pratt. Yale University Press. 1939. $2.*

Professor Pratt excites the suspicion of his readers at the very beginning of these Powell Lectures on Philosophy, delivered at Indiana University in 1938, by telling them that he intends to defend naturalism against its defenders. Suggesting that whatever is is natural, his charming though not particularly profound sentences run on to the apparently cogent though somewhat tautological conclusion that naturalism offers the best key for the explanation of whatever is. The four chapters in the book concern the meaning and history of naturalism, the relation of naturalism to life and evolution, naturalism and mind, and naturalism, morality, and religion. The argument results in a naturalism hospitable enough to contain the causal efficacy of purpose, a self divorced from its biological constituents, and an immanent though somewhat tenuous God. At this point protagonists of a more familiar and less teleological naturalism will probably jump off the raft and attack a thesis which the author himself defends with no more enthusiasm than a gentlemanly concern for the truth and which is on the whole more innocuous than provocative.

R. B.

### Travel

*DOWN WIND. By George Digby. Dutton. 1939. $3.*

This narrative—if so jerky a tale can be called a narrative rather than a notebook—is the obverse or Mr. Digby's colorful, highly entertaining, and well-written "Goose Feathers," an adventure story which really looked like something. "Down Wind" looks like something, too, but something very different. It suggests, in fact, the portrait of a certain type of

(*Continued on page* 22)


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## The New Books

(*Continued from page 21*)

wandering Englishman who is at once afflicted by a passion for adventure and a complete lack of interest in the significance of anything.

"Down Wind" is an account of Mr. Digby's adventures as journalist, bush-whacker, sheep herder, rabbit poisoner, magician, and berry picker, all along the line from China, through Australia, New Zealand, and the East Indies, and around Cape Horn. No one can say that the story fails to move, but then, wind moves, too, and yet is sometimes merely dusty. It gets in the eye. "Down Wind" gets in the eye but not in the mind. The reader who read "Goose Feathers" may form the conclusion—which is almost inescapable—that the author has used the scraps that were left over from the first book and precious little else. This reviewer mentions here for the benefit of the reader as well as for Mr. Digby's ear that you cannot make two good omelets by putting the eggs in one and the shells in another.

R. H.

## PERSONALS

*ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 420 Madison Avenue, New York City.*

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# Double-Crostics: No. 271

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ■ | ■ | ■ | 1-R | 2-D | 3-A | ■ | 4-L | ■ | 5-E | 6-T | 7-W | 8-I | 9-K | 10-B | 11-R | 12-N | ■ | ■ |
| ■ | 13-S | 14-O | 15-W | 16-Q | 17-Z | 18-N | 19-R | 20-A | 21-X | ■ | 22-P | 23-D | 24-L | ■ | 25-M | 26-Z | ■ | ■ |
| ■ | 27-P | ■ | 28-R | 29-J | 30-V | 31-M | 32-B | ■ | 33-A | 34-S | 35-O | 36-W | 37-B | 38-I | 39-K | 40-F | ■ | ■ |
| ■ | 41-W | 42-U | 43-F | 44-D | 45-X | 46-Z | ■ | 47-A | 48-N | 49-F | 50-W | 51-E | ■ | 52-L | 53-F | ■ | ■ | ■ |
| 54-X | 55-W | 56-A | 57-O | 58-R | 59-Z | 60-E | ■ | 61-F | 62-L | ■ | 63-G | 64-N | 65-V | 66-K | 67-T | ■ | ■ | ■ |
| 68-O | 69-S | 70-U | 71-M | 72-V | 73-Z | 74-R | 75-P | 76-K | ■ | 77-Q | 78-L | 79-V | ■ | 80-H | 81-Q | 82-G | ■ | ■ |
| 83-K | 84-F | 85-B | ■ | 86-W | 87-P | 88-X | 89-N | 90-H | ■ | 91-I | 92-P | 93-C | 94-B | 95-U | 96-Y | ■ | ■ | ■ |
| 97-N | 98-E | 99-V | 100-Q | 101-P | ■ | 102-X | 103-V | 104-M | 105-D | 106-I | 107-E | 108-C | 109-Z | ■ | 110-O | 111-J | ■ | ■ |
| 112-G | 113-W | ■ | 114-Z | 115-Q | 116-T | 117-C | 118-H | 119-L | ■ | 120-J | 121-L | 122-P | ■ | 123-B | 124-N | 125-Q | ■ | ■ |
| 126-H | 127-G | 128-T | 129-M | ■ | 130-Y | 131-X | 132-U | ■ | 133-W | 134-N | 135-C | 136-T | 137-Z | 138-K | 139-Y | ■ | ■ | ■ |
| 140-Y | 141-F | ■ | 142-L | 143-J | 144-F | ■ | 145-N | 146-X | 147-Q | 148-G | 149-T | 150-P | ■ | 151-J | 152-D | 153-L | ■ | ■ |
| ■ | 154-G | 155-M | 156-H | 157-I | 158-Q | ■ | 159-O | 160-S | 161-I | 162-U | 163-B | 164-C | 165-A | 166-T | 167-K | ■ | ■ | ■ |
| 168-L | 169-J | 170-D | ■ | 171-A | 172-Q | 173-Z | 174-R | 175-H | 176-U | 177-C | ■ | ■ | ■ | ■ | ■ | ■ | ■ | ■ |

### DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.*

*When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).*

**The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 16 of this issue.**

### DEFINITIONS

A. Character in "The Merchant of Venice."
B. English statesman and author (1552-1618).
C. Struck forcibly and quickly.
D. English novelist (1883-).
E. Person.
F. Scientific study of the effects of work on humans.
G. Mortal.
H. Extent.
I. Colored slightly.
J. City of Northern Syria.
K. Correctly fine in dress.
L. Prone to be fussy (slang).
M. Margaret Fuller's married name.
N. Forgetful.
O. Chief source of bee-honey.
P. Summer resort of the Saguenay River.
Q. Writers of pithy sayings.
R. Urgent.
S. Christmas.
T. Uniformity, unity.
U. Enclosed.
V. Whimper (colloq.).
W. Naturalized French composer (1819-80).
X. Releases from grasp.
Y. Haymow (obs.).
Z. Novel by Samuel Lover (2 wds.).

### WORDS

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. | 171 | 20 | 3 | 47 | 165 | 33 | 56 | | | |
| B. | 37 | 10 | 32 | 85 | 163 | 123 | 94 | | | |
| C. | 108 | 135 | 93 | 117 | 177 | 164 | | | | |
| D. | 44 | 152 | 2 | 105 | 23 | 170 | | | | |
| E. | 5 | 98 | 60 | 107 | 51 | | | | | |
| F. | 144 | 53 | 40 | 141 | 84 | 61 | 49 | 43 | | |
| G. | 127 | 112 | 82 | 63 | 154 | 148 | | | | |
| H. | 80 | 118 | 175 | 126 | 90 | 156 | | | | |
| I. | 106 | 38 | 161 | 91 | 157 | 8 | | | | |
| J. | 143 | 151 | 29 | 120 | 169 | 111 | | | | |
| K. | 76 | 9 | 138 | 167 | 66 | 39 | 83 | | | |
| L. | 62 | 4 | 121 | 142 | 52 | 153 | 24 | 168 | 119 | 78 |
| M. | 104 | 155 | 129 | 71 | 31 | 25 | | | | |
| N. | 124 | 89 | 145 | 48 | 18 | 12 | 97 | 64 | 134 | |
| O. | 14 | 35 | 159 | 110 | 68 | 57 | | | | |
| P. | 101 | 22 | 122 | 87 | 92 | 150 | 27 | 75 | | |
| Q. | 115 | 147 | 16 | 172 | 125 | 81 | 100 | 77 | 158 | |
| R. | 58 | 11 | 28 | 1 | 174 | 74 | 19 | | | |
| S. | 69 | 160 | 13 | 34 | | | | | | |
| T. | 6 | 67 | 128 | 166 | 149 | 136 | 116 | | | |
| U. | 162 | 42 | 70 | 176 | 95 | 132 | | | | |
| V. | 72 | 30 | 65 | 103 | 79 | 99 | | | | |
| W. | 7 | 86 | 133 | 55 | 113 | 41 | 36 | 15 | 50 | |
| X. | 88 | 131 | 54 | 146 | 45 | 21 | 102 | | | |
| Y. | 140 | 130 | 96 | 139 | | | | | | |
| Z. | 137 | 17 | 26 | 46 | 109 | 73 | 59 | 114 | 173 | |

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